th is Wealth.
of Body is Wealth of Mind.
. RADWAY'S
SAPARILLIAN
SOLVENT.
EAT BLOOD PURIFIER!
mposed of ingredients of extraordinary
perties essential to purify, heal, repair
ate the broken down and wasted body—
LVANANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its
and cure.
r by what name the complaint may be
whether it be scrofula, consumption, eruptions
sores, tumors, boils, erysipelas or any
ases of the lungs, kidneys, bladder or any
stomach or bowels, either chronic or
the virus is in the BLOOD, which sup-
aste and builds and repairs these organs
tissues of the system. If the blood is
the process of repair must be unsound.
Grateful Recognition.
a CHRONIC or long standing disease is
ory in the healing art; that reasoning
clearly discerns DEFECT and supplies a
t restores step by step—by degrees—the
ous disease, not only commands our re-
serves our gratitude. Dr. Radway has
linked with the wonderful remedy, Rad-
parillian Resolvent, which accomplishes
pain and disease through long days and
and suffering humanity, who drag out an
, owe him their gratitude.—Medical
THE
parillian Resolvent
compensating remedy, but secures the
action of each of the organs. It says
about the entire system functional har-
supplies the blood vessels with pure and
ent of new life.
LTH! BEAUTY!
d pure rich blood—increase of flesh and
Skin and beautiful complexion accord
THE SKIN,
days of the Sarsaparillian, becomes dis-
ful. Pimples, blotches, eruptions and
are removed, sores and ulcers cease to
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uth, ears, legs, throat and glands are
ulated and spread, either from ancient
mercury, or from the use of corrosive
may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian
a sufficient time to make its impression
tem.
contains more of the active principles
than any other preparation. Taken in
doses, while other sarsaparillas fail.
eb. Sold by all druggists.
DOLLAR A BOTTLE.
R. R.
ADWAY'S
eapest and Best Medicine
mily Use in the World.
CURES AND PREVENTS
Rheumatism, Neuralgia,
, Diphtheria, Influenza,
ds,
ore Throat, Difficult Breathing.
WAS THE FIRST AND IS
ONLY PAIN REMEDY
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stomach, bowels, or other glands or or-
application.
M ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,
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ady Relief will afford instant ease.
FEW DROPS IN WATER will cure
FLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER,
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CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS,
OAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
PALPITATION OF THE HEART,
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CATARRH, INFLUENZA,
ACHE, TOOTHACHE,
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will drop the fertilizer at the same time it
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and will be at the bottom of the bush near
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and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is
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AGUE and all other Malarial, Bilious,
mid, Yellow and other Fevers aided by
s PILLS, so quickly as
ay's Ready Relief
CAUTION.
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should be avoided. Morphine, opium,
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, at certain times, in very small doses,
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the second flow, if repeated, they aggra-
crease the suffering, and another dose
There is no necessity for using these
gents when a safe, certain remedy like Rad-
y's Relief will stop the most excruciating
without entailing the least difficulty in
or adult.
E TRUE RELIEF.
Y'S READY RELIEF is the only reme
in vogue that will instantly stop pain
ts per Bottle. Sold by druggists.
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t Liver and Stomach Remedy
BLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.
eless, elegantly coated with sweet gum
ate, purify, cleanse and strengthen
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s of Appetite, Headache, Constipation,
Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness,
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of the Internal viscera. Purely vegeta-
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, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and
den Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh
es of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the
all the above-named disorders.
Sold by druggists.
CE, 25 CENTS PER BOX.
"False and True."
ter stamp to Dr. RADWAY & CO., No.
orner Church Street, New York,
mation worth thousands will be sent to
O THE PUBLIC.
e and ask for Radway's, and see that the
ay" is on what you buy.
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Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN, THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

AND NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING—One square of eight lines, one insertion, $1.00; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents.

Editorial.

MAY ON THE FARM.

The busy season.—Every moment of the farmer's time during this month will be fully occupied, if he is to perform each operation on the farm at the proper time, but he who has made the most of his time during the months of March and April will be able to keep his work abreast, if not a little in advance of the season. The farmer who never performs any work on the farm until driven to it by the advancing season, will always be behind with his work. The land is not ploughed when it should be, and the seed is planted so late that unless the season is very favorable for late planting he will not get more than two-thirds of a crop. It is true, to early planting may be equally fatal to a full crop; before the intelligent farmer will always use his best judgment to plant at just the right time. This may be difficult to decide, but if his work is kept up to the season he will in time likely to plant at the right time than if it was permitted to drag behind. Whatever crop is to be planted, it is no time to stop to cultivate and pulverize the soil as soon as the weather is warm and dry enough.

Potatoes.—Early potatoes should be planted the first week in the month, and even before, if the land be dry enough and the weather be warm. If cut seed be used it should be immediately covered, after cutting, with plaster or some other substance that will keep the air out, for a cut potato when placed immediately in *the soil often bleeds* so as to greatly weaken the forcing powers of it. For very early potatoes it is best not to cut the seed, for a whole potato planted in soil of ordinary condition will produce a crop from a week to ten days earlier than a potato that is cut. In the selection of seed care should be taken to select tubers that have not been injured by keeping where it is either too cold or too hot; those with strong eyes that have not grown so there is danger of their being broken off by handling are the best. When concentrated fertilizers are used, those rich in potash should be selected.

Indian Corn.—In ordinary seasons corn should not be planted in Massachusetts before after the middle of the month, and yet before the first of June. The twentieth of May is usually about the right time to plant field corn. Whatever fertilizers are to be used for this crop should be rich in phosphoric acid that is in a condition to be available for the crop during the months of July and August. Fine ground bone when used in connection with stable manure is one of the best of fertilizers for the corn crop. In preparing the land for corn the manure should be thoroughly mixed with the soil and placed as near the surface as possible, and not have it where it will become dry, for when covered too deep it will not decompose as rapidly as when near the surface. If the farmer has time, a small quantity of some quick acting fertilizer placed in the hill will force the crop along more rapidly during the first part of the season; but if the work has to be done by hand labor it is somewhat expensive; but if the corn be planted with a machine that will drop the fertilizer at the same time it drops the corn, it can be done without cost, except for fertilizer, and is always desirable except in very fine, rich land.

The mowing fields.—If the fences around the mowing fields were not put in order in April, they should no longer be neglected, and the stones, sticks and other obstructions to the mowing machine should be removed before the grass gets high enough to cover them. A few hours spent in protecting mowing fields from being injured by stray cattle saves much loss as well as some hard feelings towards a neighbor who has permitted his cattle to stray beyond their proper enclosure. When hurry manure has been spread on a mowing field during the winter, particular attention should be given to the breaking up of all lumps that the frost has not pulverized. This work should have been done in April, but if it was neglected it should be done, at the latest, before the end of the first week in May.

The Garden.—The kitchen garden should receive particular attention during this month; but for the principal crop the seed should not be planted before the third and the last weeks in the month; the last week is early enough for beans, cucumbers, melons and squashes. Planted at this season, they come up and grow vigorously during the season; but planted early in the month, they come up small and for a long time grow but very little, and thus get stunted so that the crop is never so large as when the plants start off and make a vigorous growth at first.

Bugs and Worms.—As soon as the plants begin to grow the insects will put in an appearance, and will insist on having their part of the crops; but, although the insects increase in varieties, man invents new methods of destruction for each new comer, and so the fight is kept up, always with some doubt as to which shall eventually come off the conqueror. Early in the month the tent caterpillar will make his appearance. With a conical brush dipped in kerosene oil run through the nest when the worms first hatch, destruction will be very sure. Never wait until the worms are large and have scattered over the trees; then it is difficult, if not impossible, to fully destroy them. The currant worm should be looked after about the tenth of the month. They will then be very small and will be at the bottom of the bush near the centre; a little hellebore dusted on them will be sure destruction. The striped squash bug is another insect that is very easily destroyed and prevented from doing any injury. When the plants are just above the surface cover the ground around them with a good dressing of thoroughly air-slacked lime; it should be at least two years old. This will drive the bugs off, as they will not stop where they cannot burrow in the ground near the stem of the plants, and they do not like the lime, so if a dressing one-eighth of an inch in depth be scattered on the hill as soon as the plants are up, the bugs will pass on to more desirable quarters, and leave the plants uninjured.

SHRUBS SUITABLE FOR HEDGE PLANTING.

[Rural New Yorker.]

One practical way of multiplying and conserving leafiness, and so of remedying the serious faults about which even jocose Dr. Holmes speaks seriously, would be the general planting, along permanent lines of wire fence, of hedge plants of some easily grown and kept and enduring sort which, even if left untrimmed, will not sprawl or sucker or attain over ten feet in height. It need not be thorny, or so stiff as to stop breachy animals, as one barbed wire within it will do this perfectly, if stretched thirty to thirty-five inches above the ground. Yet a certain stiffness is necessary, or pigs, dogs and poultry may push through at the base. A wire near the ground will help to prevent this, and if the plants are either set close or headed down close to the ground until thick with shoots, there will be no trespass of the sort. Even breachy boys or men will go far around and resist much temptation before undertaking to get over a thin four and a half foot hedge that has a barbed wire in its heart.

Other requisites in an ideal hedge-plant are that it be not liable to be browzed by cattle, that its stems be firm and permanent, and its leaves evergreen, or nearly so, to give better shelter to the land and its workers on each side. Ease of propagation and ready growth are important essentials. Beauty of foliage and trimness of growth are also worthy of consideration. Hardy plants that combine more or less of these requirements are the common privet, the barberry, the sweet briar, the Japan quince, the shrub honeysuckle and the taller deutzias. They have merit in about the order named. The Japan quince is exceedingly handsome in flower, and it flowers well even where closely trimmed. Its leaves, too, are a fine green, its stems are straggling, very pliant and short-lived individually. It is also liable to be cut off by the borer, and it suckers occasionally. It is also rather expensive.

The sweet briar has its merits? of thorniness, and of very agreeable fragrance, and very numerous stems; but it is liable to lose its leaves in hot, dry weather, and they are pallid in color.

The barberry is handsome, dense, enduring, and will grow and live in the poorest, driest soil. It is prickly, too. It is doubly handsome in flower and fruit; but trimming checks its flowering and robs it of beauty. It and the sweet briar can be grown from seeds, but not without care, for they require some years to make a full hedge.

The honeysuckle and the deutzia are best adapted for fancy hedges—to contrast with a dark bank of evergreens, or to dot into a hedge here and there for pleasing variety, brightening up a dark line.

The privet possesses the most points of merit, indeed all of the essential ones. It grows as well and as surely from cuttings as any willow. The plants should be pushed down firmly into the soil in spring—it having been well cleaned and mellowed in the fall—and at any distance apart under eight or ten inches in the line of the hedge. Its cost is, therefore, very little. It grows luxuriantly throughout the North, grows up rapidly but stops at about ten feet. The Californian, or oval-leafed privet has leaves still more glossy and of lighter green; it is rather less hardy.

A friend here completed a good chicken-proof hedge of common privet within one week. It stretched three wires four feet high, seven and thirty inches from the surface, the upper one barbed. Then, having plenty of young rods of privet in a hedge-row, which had been headed down close and then purposely left to make a full growth without any trimming, he cut quantities of these, from two to four feet long, and pushed their somewhat branching tops in, at particular places into the well-mellowed and cleaned soil along the line of the hedge, first passing them through the wires from alternate sides, so as to have a weft like that of a basket. They were put in about two inches apart, to debar young chickens from getting through. It was an effective hedge at once, and was soon "a thing of beauty," as well as of use. The shelter afforded by such hedges is worth many times their small cost, while they are one of the greatest of landscape adornments, and essential to cozy comfort about a country home in our climate.

THE MAY FLOWER.

[Vick's Magazine for April.]

Growing in Oak and Pine woods, from Newfoundland to Kentucky, we find the waxlike, dainty May-flower, holding in its pearly chalice the sweetest fragrance of the spring time. It is a member of the Heath family, which numbers more than four hundred species, all of which are remarkable for handsome, generally fragrant flowers, of all shades of color, varying from white to pink, red or purple, rarely yellow. Many of the species are valuable in medicine, and are mostly evergreen, many trailing in shrubby vines on the earth. Most of us know that the blueberry, huckleberry, cranberry, wintergreen, laurel, azalea, prince's pine, Indian pipe and rhododendron belong to this same order, ericaceæ.

Can we wonder at the delight of the Puritan maiden, when she found these earliest darlings of the late New England spring, looking with sad, yet brave eyes, day by day, over the wide waste of water which separated her from childhood's home and girlhood's loving friends, who, even then, were gathering in many a green meadow the primroses, in far off, "merrie England." The one link between her and that dear old home was the white-sailed vessel which, only at the most favorable, had gaily sped away from these dreary shores, homeward bound; and the little flower, lifting its pearly clusters to catch the sunshine, was named, with the thought in her heart of the Maypole twined with hawthorn buds and cowslips and the merriment about it that she might not share, the Mayflower, a precious link between the old life of ease so care-free and happy, and the new life of sorrow, toil and hard privations. Many a glorious spring time, with singing birds and opening buds, has since dawned upon the earth, and in each of their long, bright, sunny days have fair young girls gone forth into the "dim old woods" in quest of the flowers so dear to girlish hearts, to come home, in twilight, may be, with hands filled with these nestlings of the Oak and Pine, thanking God in their hearts for the coming back again of the wild flowers "in the old familiar places."

Botanists call the flower pigea repense, or trailing arbutus, but we remember the staunch little vessel which brought to these shores the Puritan ancestors of whom we are so proud, and in our hearts we keep the name, —Mayflower.

AUSTRALIAN FORESTS.—Evidence of the decay of forests in Australia is found in the present existence of a few trees far exceeding in size any of those around them, and supposed to be survivors of a departed race of giants. A tree twenty-five feet in circumference at a height of thirty feet above the ground was described at a late meeting of the Royal Society of New South Wales.

Meeting of Farmers

At the New England Agricultural Hall, Ploughman Building, 45 Milk St., Boston, Saturday, April 17, 1886

[HELD UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN ASSOCIATION.]

IMPORTANT DISCUSSION

—ON—

"ENSILAGE"

—AND—

"THE SILO."

GEO. D. FORRISTALL, Manager of the Tewksbury Almshouse Farm, reads an elaborate Essay.

A SPIRITED DISCUSSION FOLLOWS,

PARTICIPATED IN BY

Dr. L. W. CURTIS, J. D. PAGE, Foreman of Dr. Loring's Farm; CHAS. W. COPELAND, Mr. HAWKES, Hon. WARREN BROWN, Mr. MARSH, and others, all of whom predicted that

The Silo has come to Stay

LAWES and GILBERT, the Eminent English authorities, quoted.

Mr. BENJ. P. WARE presides.

Phonographically Reported expressly for the Mass. Ploughman.

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PRESIDENT NEEDHAM called the meeting to order at the usual hour, and spoke as follows: Gentlemen—The great topic of the "silo" is to be the subject of consideration to-day. I don't know as it will ever be settled whether the silo is a valuable aid to agriculture, or whether it is a hindrance. I myself have had very grave doubts about it. I know a great many people who have used the milk which has been made from feeding ensilage, and although they can make no complaint of any taste in the milk, yet they discredit it. I was talking with a scientific man only a week or ten days since, and he said that it was impossible that milk made from ensilage should be anything other than swill milk. He said that he had given a great deal of attention and careful thought to the subject. I suggested that this was the place to come and have the matter discussed. Here there is a free discussion and what we wish to reach is the facts. Certainly no farmer wants to make swill milk. No farmer wants to make an article of food that will be poisonous or detrimental to the health of the human family. There is a great deal in this matter of ensilage feed and a great deal more than the mere economy of feeding. I have grave doubts as to the wisdom of experimenting for many years would settle the question, even if the experiments were made in the most careful manner, and I don't think myself, so far as I have observed the experiments that have been conducted, that they have been made in the most careful and scientific manner with a view to the attainment of absolute results. But it is a question which certainly deserves careful consideration. As long as men and animals have stomachs, and as long as animal life exists, there will be stomachs that must be fed.

Then the cost of feeding is also a part that must be considered, but it is only one item. The health of the animals fed is a very great item, and the result of that feeding in the production of the dairy is a matter that will be largely the matters must be considered, and be considered in their full, before it can be determined whether the silo is a success, that is to say, whether it is a valuable adjunct to agriculture, whether it is a help in the building up of the economy of the human family or a hindrance. If it is a hindrance, if it produces disease, although that disease may not be present at the time that it is produced, yet if it does produce disease, certainly it should be discarded by any one who has the health of himself and family at heart. I call upon from his farm which will be in any way detrimental if it is used as food.

Mr. Benjamin P. Ware, President of the Essex County Agricultural Society, has a silo. He is a man who has given a great deal of thought and attention to the study of this matter, and it is through his means that this meeting has been brought together. He has invited the gentlemen who are to address you, largely, and he has endeavored to bring the best and latest information upon this subject of the results of the silo to the consideration of this meeting. It is my pleasure to introduce to you Mr. Benjamin P. Ware of Marblehead, as presiding officer of the meeting.

REMARKS OF MR. WARE.

Mr. President—I am very glad that you have spoken a word of caution and of conservatism with regard to the use of ensilage and the silo. It is a very important matter and it is important that we as farmers should get together from time to time who have experience of the silo and of feeding ensilage and compare notes. I find that most of these objections that are raised from time to time come from men who have no experience in the use of ensilage. They assume many of the positions that are taken. They think feeding ensilage from year to year, and are accustomed to observe its effects upon the products in the shape of milk and flesh and butter, are watchful, and time has settled certain points with us who have had experience. I very well remember that in the first introduction of this it was said that we must have extensive structures of masonry for the preservation of ensilage. But experience has proved that we can now make wooden structures very cheaply that will answer the purpose just as well. I remember that we were warned against feeding ensilage from fear that it would bring on diseases among our cows, as our president has suggested. When I began to feed ensilage I was exceedingly anxious in regard to these things. But I have fed my cows for two years, summer and winter, on ensilage and grain, with the addition of a proper amount of grain, and during those two years they had no hay and no grass—nothing but ensilage and a sufficient amount of grain. There was no disease. Those cows are perfectly healthy, and some of them have lived four or five years since up to the age of seventeen years, which is old enough. I think that has been settled; but we have been told, as has been remarked, that the product must be swill milk. This is said to come from a scientific man. That man cannot have had practical experience in the use of ensilage.

A LISTENER—That's so.

Ensilage and "Swill Milk."

Mr. WARE—I am prepared to prove this. It has been proved to me, and I have worked up this meeting. I have asked a gentleman feeding ensilage this winter to a herd of fifty milch cows to give me an analysis of the milk, and it has been found to contain forty-nine per cent. and some hundredths per cent. of solids. They were fed on ensilage entirely, and thirteen is the legal standard. There are very few herds of cows that will give over fourteen, even if they are Jersey cows. This herd is not of the Jersey breed. That is the result of feeding ensilage—not making, as has been suggested, swill milk. There was no swill milk of inferior quality. Now as to the taste—if the silo is made in a proper place and the proper conditions are observed, I question whether ensilage has any effect upon the milk, either in flavor or smell. If it is improperly used, it may be that an effect will be perceived. You can use anything else improperly. If you use turnips or cabbage improperly, they will affect the milk. But if ensilage is properly used there are no bad results. It has been proved that the best class of butter which is put into our market and brings from fifty to eighty cents per pound, may be made from ensilage. Two or three years ago a series of statistics was introduced into a meeting in New Hampshire, showing that the average results was against butter made from ensilage. But I know that some of the best class of butter that is now sent to the New York and Boston markets is made from ensilage. So there are many points that we think we have cleared up by observation.

Ensilage in England.

I am very fortunate to-day in having in my possession a little pamphlet which can be seen at the close of the meeting, showing the result of a year's experience with ensilage in England in the elaborate experiments of Lawes and Gilbert. They have given the result in a summary which I will present at the close of the meeting. It establishes the success of ensilage; but please bear in mind that England is entirely different from the United States in its climatic influences. They don't pretend to put into the silo anything but clover and green grass. They cannot grow corn as we can. I understand that it is very difficult to dry grass and make hay in England, so the advantage of the silo in preserving green fodder is greater for them than the advantage which we have from it. But we have another advantage in this country in raising these enormous crops of corn which they cannot in England. Now, we are learning year by year new things by experience. A few years ago we felt that it was desirable to cut our ensilage from one-half to three-quarters of an inch in length. Since then we have learned that it can be put in whole and keep very well. It will be preserved sweet instead of sour, and I am not prepared to say that it is better sweet than as a subacid. I question it. But there is an advantage in some localities in using the whole corn and saving the expense and trouble in getting machinery for use on small farms with small silos. But I question whether it is a economical way. I believe that it is more economical to cut it than to put it in whole, and I believe that on the whole it is a better way, although there are plenty of men who put it in whole, and I am sure that it will keep in a sweeter condition when than when cut. Experiments have been going on at our State Experiment Station for the last two years in regard to feeding ensilage. I was at that station only a few days ago, and the official informed me that a member of the Board of Control. They have just commenced feeding their ensilage there, and we all feel that experiments directed by Dr. Goessmann must give exact results. His last year's experience was favorable to ensilage. This year he says it is of better quality than he ever had before.

The Time to Cut Corn.

Another point let me speak of right here. Formerly we felt that we should cut our crops before they had matured. We are growing to believe, with more experience in this matter, that it is better to let corn grow until it is about at the point when it is glazed, when it will be ready for stocking. We find, also, that we can save an expense of about fifteen cents a bushel in husking and grinding, and that the corn stover when cut at that time will do as well in the silo. At that time it is in excellent condition for feeding purposes. This saving is not very much by itself at fifteen cents a bushel, but amounts to considerable on the whole. I don't know whether you are all aware of the fact who are present, but fifteen cents a bushel is a large percentage on the cost of corn. And we can save that expense by letting the corn stand to the proper time, when the corn is about glazed, it is in good condition to feed or to keep in the silo. We shall find it for our advantage to follow this rule.

The gentleman who has been invited to be present and give us an essay on the subject of ensilage, is one who has had very much experience and who has opportunities of feeding it in a practical way as well as in an experimental way, and he is prepared to come before us and give us the results of his past experience in this matter. We will give us the results of his observation for the last few years, and especially for the last year. I hope that we may not go into anything theoretical here, because we have lots of experience that we can bring out in the discussion. Now, I take pleasure in introducing to you Mr. George D. Forristall, of Tewksbury.

ADDRESS OF MR. FORRISTALL.

Mr. President and Gentlemen—A celebrated Boston clergyman remarked a few years ago that one of the most discouraging obstacles a preacher had to encounter was to see people go to sleep while he is addressing an audience to be at the same time conscious that his hearers do not believe more than half of what he says.

In preparing this paper to be read before you to-day I must confess to a feeling akin to that expressed by the Boston clergyman. For such was the system, which prevailed the first introduction of green vegetable growth into a silo or pit, and in a few weeks or months having it come out a good, nutritious and healthy food for cattle, that would be thought that they were considered almost foolhardy in their attempt.

A few of those who had the courage to invest in the introduction of the cheapest stages of production, gaining glimpses of its great possibilities, were, naturally enough, perhaps, carried away by enthusiasm, and thereby made extravagant claims for it by the system, which at the present knowledge upon the subject prove to have been greatly overdrawn. Besides, from the start, in this country and in New England at least, it met the most determined opposition from scientific men. But as more knowledge has been gained they have in a majority of cases acknowledged its benefits in agriculture, although many years of misunderstanding have suffered from prejudice from the scientific; and last, but not least, from its friends. Now during all this prejudice by the many, and the groping for knowledge by the few, it required the courage to go ahead and investigate with their means and by practice, facts have become established which are of great value. Land-owning farmers are all perfectly healthy and look very thriving, although this is the fifth year of almost constant ensilage feeding, for the older animals. Some of them are, if anything, in too high order for milk producing. The average amount of yield of milk per cow for last year was 3011 quarts. Forty-three cows are averaging 100 quarts per day. The cows are mostly high grade Holsteins with a few Durhams. In two different analyses of milk sent to Boston to ascertain the comparative richness of milk produced from hay, with the same amount of grain per cow as was fed to cows with ensilage, the milk produced from ensilage was in both cases quite a fraction of one per cent. the richer. Cows that from any cause it became advisable to slaughter for beef have become good beef without any extra feed. A Holstein heifer four years old was slaughtered last season, that had been giving milk for a year and a half, dressed 904 pounds. This season one dressed 816 pounds, beef 89 pounds, hide and tallow 135 pounds. Total 1040.

To make sure that the good looks of the cattle was not owing to the same cause which produces the bloat in the beer drinker, as has been claimed by some, every animal slaughtered has been subjected to the closest examination as regarded the condition of the lungs and stomach, and in every instance they have been found in a perfectly healthy condition. We have never had an animal off her feed or had any trouble whatever, which is saying a good deal of a head of seventy-five animals from early in November to the middle or 20th of May, from that time forty or more cows were fed until the 20th of August.

More Experiments with Ensilage.

By experiments tried to produce sweet ensilage by a system of slow filling, and allowing a high heat to be generated, we filled one silo with cut corn; the other was filled with corn put in whole. With that exception the condition of filling was as near alike as possible. The cut corn (probably owing to so much mutilated surface being exposed to the air) came out somewhat acid, although it was as good as the best I ever saw for cut ensilage. The whole corn came out perfectly sweet and kept well, the last being fed in August.

A great advance has been made in regard to filling the silo. It has until lately been considered essential that the silo should be filled and weighted as soon as possible after commencing to fill, thus making the expense very large for extra teams and help. Later experience proves it is as well, if not better, to take more time, and by this means you are not obliged to use any but the every day help of the farm, filling as is convenient, only not letting time enough elapse between the fillings to allow decay to take place on top, which would be the case in three or four days. There was no perceptible difference in the yield of milk in changing from sour to sweet ensilage. In this connection mention Dr. Sturtevant.

Great Progress with the "Silo."

In the experiments carried out last year at the station, sweet food, purposely acidified, with a measured quantity of acetic acid in about the same proportion as analysis showed to exist in ensilage, gave better results in milk and by live weight than did the same food without the acid, and the doubling of the acid ration was followed by an increased improvement in quantity of product. A careful examination into the kinds of food fed during the various periods showed that one apparent effect of the acid was to improve the appetite of the cows and cause them to eat a slightly larger ration than they had been using previously. This season we weighted one of the silos with eighty pounds of stone to the square foot; there was found upon opening about three inches of waste at the top. The other silo we did not weight at all except by one and one-half inch boards on top; there was but a very little more decay than in the one that was weighted.

Corn Compared with Ensilage.

A great many farmers have argued that it was as well or better to raise corn for the grain and stover than to raise so much ensilage. To determine this point, we planted a few acres of field corn and a few of sweet corn, using the sweet corn earn for the table and the stover for ensilage.

The ears of the field corn were taken off when they were about two-thirds dried, and thrown into heaps. The stover was then cut up and weighed and cut into ensilage. It weighed only a little over seven tons per acre. The ears after husking measured 144 baskets of sound corn to the acre; it was a small Canada variety planted in hills three feet apart each way. The sweet corn with ears on weighed only ten tons per acre; it was the Marblehead Mammoth variety—small stover and large ears. From this experiment it would seem that it was better to grow ensilage corn than to shuck and labor fifteen dollars, or $1.50 per ton for the curing, besides having to wait five years for the results, with the soil entirely exhausted at the end of the time besides the risk of curing the hay in good order through all this time. While with the ensilage we get twenty-five tons of fodder the first year besides one-third of the fertility left for future crops. The way we arrive at the expense of growing ensilage is as follows: We use ten cords of compost manure in the proportion of three parts muck and two parts horse, cow and hog manure per acre. This is drawn and spread upon the field, we consider worth four dollars per cord, which amounts to forty dollars.

Ploughing and seeding $5.00, seed $1.00, harrowing $1.00, cultivating $21.00; total $47.00 per acre. But as the crop is not fully ripened when harvested, we will deduct from the above large one-third of this amount to improvements of the land, which leaves to be charged to the corn crop $31.67 as the cost of the corn when fit to harvest.

In the above estimate we have failed to produce on the average twenty-five tons per acre of corn stover for ensilage each year. At this estimate the cost would be $1.26 per ton for field work to cut. The expense of cutting up the corn and putting it in the silo was, as near as I could estimate, ninety cents per ton, which, added to the cost of the ensilage, would amount to $2.16 per ton delivered and cut up in the silo. From this ensilage we feed about fifty pounds per day to each grown animal, together with two quarts of cotton seed meal and two quarts of fine feed. The young calves or yearlings got twenty-five pounds of ensilage per day with two quarts of fine feed. These amounts are fed in the morning with no other feed. The cows are all perfectly healthy and look very thriving, although this is the fifth year of almost constant ensilage feeding, for the older animals. Some of them are, if anything, in too high order for milk producing. The average amount of yield of milk per cow for last year was 3011 quarts. Forty-three cows are averaging 100 quarts per day. The cows are mostly high grade Holsteins with a few Durhams. In two different analyses of milk sent to Boston to ascertain the comparative richness of milk produced from hay, with the same amount of grain per cow as was fed to cows with ensilage, the milk produced from ensilage was in both cases quite a fraction of one per cent. the richer. Cows that from any cause it became advisable to slaughter for beef have become good beef without any extra feed. A Holstein heifer four years old was slaughtered last season, that had been giving milk for a year and a half, dressed 904 pounds. This season one dressed 816 pounds, beef 89 pounds, hide and tallow 135 pounds. Total 1040.

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The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1886.

☞ *Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.*

MEETING OF FARMERS.

There will be a "Meeting of Farmers" in the Hall of the *Ploughman* Building, 45 Milk St., Boston, on Saturday, May 1, 1886, commencing at ten o'clock in the forenoon. Subject for discussion, "*Grape Culture*," Capt John B. Moore has consented to lead. Mr. W. H. Hunt and a large number of experts are expected. All are invited.

DISCUSSION ON ENSILAGE.

A complete stenographic report of the discussion on "Ensilage and the Silo," at the last Farmers' Meeting, in this city, is to be found on the first page of this week's *Ploughman*. If others the very best kind of reading for all farmers who have become at all interested in this important subject. The essay made by Mr. Forristall contains a large store of timely and available information. As yet, the silo is far from being considered all that was enthusiastically claimed for it at its first introduction, although it is an undoubted fact that it has acquired a permanent footing in the general field of agricultural methods. It has got to win its way, so far as it makes it at all, solely on its merits. For this reason any discussion of the subject like that reported in the present issue of the *Ploughman* becomes all the more interesting and valuable. The character of the speakers participating in the discussion that followed the reading of the essay is sufficient guarantee of the interest and value of the views and criticisms advanced. The remaining portion of the discussion will be given in continuation next week. No farmer can carefully read what is here given on this subject without confessing that his views on the whole subject have been enlarged and matured by the perusal of this timely discussion.

THE SUBJECT OF GRAPE CULTURE.

Next Saturday's meeting of farmers in Boston will engage in the consideration of "Grape Culture," one that is aptly proposed at the opening season of the year. Capt. J. B. Moore, a widely known horticulturist, will open the proceedings with an essay, or lecture, on the subject, for which everybody knows that he is eminently qualified. What he will have to say will be well worth listening to. It is likewise expected that Mr. Wm. H. Hunt, and other well known experts, will be present and contribute of their experience with grapes to the pleasure and profit of the meeting. It is a late day to undertake to recommend or urge the culture of so delicious, healthy, and easily raised a fruit as the grape. No farmer, be his landholding large or little, should blindly deny himself and his family the solace to be derived from grapes as fruit and the health it yields as food. Nor can he afford to do without the refining associations for his home which the cultivation of the vine and its beautiful clustered fruit invariably begets for him. The vine is the emblem of plenty and peace. Its cultivation is a matter of pleasure far more than of profit merely. Grape culture ought to be a noticeable feature on every homestead place.

BOGUS BUTTER IN CONGRESS.

An address is issued to all those who are interested, by Mr. Robert M. Littler, Secretary of the National Butter, Cheese and Egg Association, calling attention to the fact that while the House committee is ready to report to Congress a bill for the suppression of counterfeit and adulterated dairy products, and for the regulation and sale of substitutes for butter and cheese, there are influences actively at work in opposition to the presentation of such a report, and to its favorable consideration by Congress should it come up for that body's action. It is charged by the secretary in his address that the counterfeit butter men are presenting in favor of their bogus goods scientific opinions based on samples that are wholly different from the bogus butter which they offer to the public. At the worst, it is so slightly adulterated that the fraud can be detected only by the nicest chemical analysis; and this they call the same article as that on which the dairymen of the country make war. The secretary expresses his apprehension that in consequence of the indifference of the public to the subject the bogus butter makers may succeed in so obstructing legislation as to stave off any proceedings whatever at the present session of Congress. Every voter is therefore appealed to to address his Congressman on the subject at once.

MASS. HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The special list of prizes for spring Flowering Bulbs, at the spring exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, in March, 1887, is issued in advance of the schedule of prizes, of which it will form a part. It is issued thus early to give those who desire to compete abundant time for preparation. It is probable that the spring exhibition of 1887 will be opened about the 23d of March, and the premise date will be named in the schedule, which will be ready on the first Saturday in January. Competition is open to all persons residing in the United States. The prizes offered are for hyacinths, tulips, polyanthus, narcissus, hardy narcissus and daffodils, jonquils, general display of spring bulbs, lilium longiflorum, lily of the valley, and amaryllis; and they are offered by the General Union of Holland for the promotion of the cultivation of bulbs. They are goldsilver, silver gilt, and bronze medals, and various sums of money from twenty dollars to one dollar.

THE FIRST ARBOR DAY.

Massachusetts observed its first Arbor Day on Saturday last, April 24th, in accordance with the legislative request that the Governor should set apart a special day for the observance of ceremonies befitting an annual tree-planting festival. The season happened greatly to favor so early an appointment, which is certainly to be regarded as auspicious. The Governor and Mayor of Boston personally inaugurated the day by repairing to Boston Common and planting each an elm tree, for which the preparations had been made beforehand. Before applying himself to the exemplary task Governor Robinson addressed the crowd assembled in the following words: "We have met this morning to inaugurate the annual observance of a custom which has obtained in some of the other States, but which is new here. To me it seemed a pleasant duty to issue my proclamation for the observance of Arbor Day, in response to the resolve passed by the legislature. I trust that the day will not degenerate into a common holiday, but that it will be regarded as set apart for a beautiful as well as useful purpose, and that three or four hours of a work-day each year will be given to it. I hope this tree will live, as it is to be known as the Governor's tree, and that its shade will be grateful to the coming generations. There are other famous trees on this grand old Common; may this be a fit companion to them. The little part which now remains for me to do will be done with hearty good will."

After this speech His Excellency proceeded to shovel the dirt into the cavity prepared for the tree, eliciting the applause of all those present by the heartiness and dexterity of his movements. Mayor O'Brien next took a shovel in hand and made ready to fill the cavity about the roots of the tree which he was to plant, first remarking: "I will only say that after the Governor had issued his proclamation, I had the honor of calling the attention of the City Council to it, and gave directions for preparing these two beautiful specimens of the *Ulmus Americana*, vulgarly called American elms, by the planting of which we honor the day and, I trust, set an example long to be followed." After which he fell to his work with the shovel and completed the planting. The trees have been marked with appropriate tablets, and the shovels used, Ames' shovels, will be placed in the archives of the Common.

LABOR STRIKES — CAUSES AND EFFECTS.

The rapid spread of the labor strikes throughout the country is engaging public attention more than anything that is current. Railroads, local and trunk lines, are affected by them as seriously as factories and foundries and mining industries. The contagion has beset even the school children and the bootblacks. In one instance it is because men are employed who refuse to join a certain union; in another, because of too low wages; and in still another because of too many hours' work. But in all cases the strikes proceed in obedience to an order proceeding arbitrarily from some central authority, and without any real knowledge of its necessity or even its cause on the part of the hundreds and thousands of employees who are ordered out. It it as yet very far from being the case that labor is harmoniously organized for the ultimate attainment of a well-defined and practicable end. On the contrary, it is still in a state of anarchy, one faction ready to break out into open war with the other, and one set of leaders in a contending temper with another set. Meantime, the leading employers, who are habitually styled capitalists, are united in close ranks for the protection of their interests and the salvation of their property.

If there is indeed a chief commander of the labor ranks, his authority is not obeyed by those who are supposed to be under him. The local chiefs are visibly multiplying, each with an assumed authority of his own. Martin Irons, for example, refused to obey the command of Chief Powderly and order the strikers on the Missouri Pacific to return to work. A second order to the same effect was disregarded by him with the same independence. And Chief Powderly is himself on record as opposed to strikes entirely, and pledged to discountenance them. The worst feature about them, because the most plainly tyranical, and therefore intolerable in a country like ours, is that of demanding of employers that they shall discharge men who do not happen to belong to certain labor organizations. If it has really come to this that a man cannot be allowed to labor for himself and his family at an honest calling unless he shall first become a member of a prescribed organization, let his reasons for declining to join be what they may, then the labor system may as well set itself up to rule and dominate everything, a many-headed autocrat seeing no interest and no rights but its own, and assuming to own and control even that without which labor could not itself obtain an existence.

This is a step that will as surely lead labor organizations nowhere, unless to their own discomfiture, as any step that can be taken. It is directly contrary to the simplest principles of individual rights and common justice, and no number of associations can root it out of the minds of an intelligent free people. Labor is courting only disaster when it attempts to declare any such revolutionary purpose as that. If capital were to take such a stand and attempt to carry out so arbitrary and unjust a rule, the outcry that would go forth against it from the lips of labor would be heard all over the land. Chief Powderly, it is to be admitted, has declared his opinion in unmistakable terms that it was both wrong and unwise to compel men to join the Knights of Labor who do not want to, or in punishing employers for refusing to dismiss workmen for such a reason; but his opinion does not appear to have any practical effect, since strikes are still going on for no other acknowledged reason. Therefore, it is to be admitted either that the central organization of labor has lost all authority over local organizations, or that the original purpose and motive of strikes has been changed for one that represents tyranny more than any power ever yet known in this country.

Men are only too apt to be carried away with the contagion of passion and frenzy to stop and reflect in a time like this, when cool judgments are more than ever needed. But reflection will have to come before it is ended. A state of aimless insurrection against the accepted statutes of industry cannot always exist. The store of wages as well as of hostility will soon exhaust itself. There will be numbers who can hold out no longer, and they will be the first to return to work. They may perhaps be taunted for it, as having yielded to capital; whereas the plain truth will be that they have at last seen fit, because necessary, to recognize the law of mutual interest. We may fight for a time for a principle, but if we should starve for it the principle certainly has achieved no vindication through that process. The labor question in our age of the world is undoubtedly a great one, and is to engage the thought and care of the best minds and largest natures of our generation, as of coming generations likewise; but it never can be settled by itself, and separated from the interests and rights of capital, the employer of labor. They are mutually dependent, and therefore there can be no satisfactory and permanent adjustment that does not embrace both labor and capital in its comprehensive consideration.

The Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture issues a notice that it has prepared a Schedule of Phenological Observation* of tree-life, and, accompanying it, of weather conditions, for the purpose of aiding an interest in forestry work, and to arrive at certain results which are explained on the schedules. It is desirable that these observations should be noted by a very large number of persons; and everybody interested will be welcome to apply to the Department for the blank schedules. Inasmuch as the season is rather advanced, not all the points required may be taken this year, but even a partial report will be accepted.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH ON TEMPERANCE.

It has been universally known that the Roman Catholic Plenary Council at Baltimore adopted certain important and positive recommendations in relation to the liquor traffic in this country, whose real purport was not permitted to be made public until they had been sent to the Pope and adopted, after which they were to be issued as decrees. They have very recently been returned from Rome, and are now made public as decrees with full authority.

It appears, as was previously believed to be the case, that the utterance of the Roman Catholic church in the United States is a clear and unmistakable one. The abuse of intoxicating drinks is deplored by the assembled Bishops as a "pestiferous evil," and an obstruction of a very serious nature to religion. They both approve and applaud the individual practice of total abstinence, which they earnestly recommend for the general adoption. They commended the several temperance societies formed within the Catholic church to the paternal care of its priests. The liquor business, or traffic, if not actually denounced, is made the subject of solemn warning, as beset with "serious dangers and occasions of sin," and yet not declared unlawful in itself; while those engaged in it are counselled to "choose a more honorable way of making a living, if they can."

Such a decree on the side of temperance is timely above all things, and coming from a powerful ecclesiastical body that acts everywhere in unity, cannot fail to be of vast effect. The Roman Catholic church thus takes side with the great cause of temperance reform, and it has been truthfully asserted that it is capable of doing more for it than has been done by all the other agencies engaged in the work since the temperance agitation began, half a century ago, for the reason that it wields a consolidated power, and its dominion is exercised over the consciences of millions of our people, and they the portion of the community who can do most by their precept and example to revolutionize public opinion and practice in regard to drinking.

It is one of the most encouraging signs of the times, and revives hope for the future. If it shall avail to close up the tens of thousands of places where poisonous liquors are sold for the destruction of body and soul, the benefit will not be long in showing itself throughout the country, and especially in its numerous cities. The temperance reform may truly be said to have entered on a fresh career with this action of the Catholic church, with which all high-minded people will make haste to co-operate.

SECRETARY RUSSELL'S REPORT.

An examination of the Thirty-third Annual Report of the Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture to the Legislature, of which mention was made in last week's *Ploughman*, fully satisfies one's most earnest expectations in regard to the progressive condition of the agriculture of Massachusetts. It is a volume full of fresh and valuable information, abounding in permanent instruction, and supplying a fund of stimulating influences to all persons who are either farmers themselves or interested in farming operations. Incorporated with the Report are the returns of the finances of the Agricultural Societies of the State for 1885. As in all similar reports, the detailed record of the Country Meeting at Framingham covering and including substantially the history of agricultural advancement for the year.

It appears that the year 1885 was agriculturally a favorable one in the State. There was no spell of drouth, save in the three seaward counties. A series of drouths had so weakened the grass lands that it became necessary to restock large areas. It was a good year for corn, in which crop there is visible a rapidly reviving interest. There is a growing belief among our farmers that, with our present estimate of the value of stover, corn can be raised here more cheaply than it can be brought from the West, while the effect would be the improvement of the land for crops to follow. The ensilage question has been simplified in the course of our practical experience with it, and the extravagance of early enthusiasm is much abated. It has been proved, says Secretary Russell, that "good material, fairly mature in growth, can be made into ensilage and conveniently kept for future use, and that immature and watery green crops are not increased in value by keeping in a silo." Ensilage is now admitted to be "only a convenient adjunct in feeding."

Experience is constantly teaching us the lesson of the concentration of capital and effort upon fewer acres. The price of hay in our towns is regulated by baled hay imported from Canada, being kept down by taxes entirely disproportioned to those laid on salt, sugar, iron, and other necessaries which have to be purchased with the proceeds of the sale of hay. So, too, the price of eggs produced on our farms is regulated by the price of eggs imported, duty free—over sixteen million dozens having been brought in from all sources in 1884, fourteen million dozens from Canada. "But for these importations," remarks Secretary Russell, "our farmers would have had more money to pay taxes and buy protected merchandise."

The milk producers have had a hard year, owing to the domination exercised over them by the contractors. 'Unremitting labor, rigorous economy, and a decline in the value of their farms," says the Report, "must be the result of their labors for the past twelve months." The cholera has greatly disturbed the usually safe and prosperous husbandry in swine, a disease that is continually reinforced by the importation of hogs from the West. All over the State there has been annoyance and loss in consequence of it. The Cattle Commissioners' report, which is comprised in the volume, shows what has been done in dealing with the disease.

In sheep husbandry there is a steady decline, owing to the additional reason that the low price of wool has forced the extensive slaughter of western sheep for mutton, glutting our markets. There is no encouragement to be found in the business, with threatening dogs and low prices for mutton.

There has been a fair profit realized in butter production, our standard dairies not yet having felt the competition of spurious butters, which have not materially affected the market price of carefully made butter. The tendency at present is to establish well equipped creameries, with the employment of skillful dairymen, by which means a uniform quality of products is secured.

There is an increase in the use of commercial fertilizers, their convenience, efficacy, and relative cheapness compared with natural manure being understood by farmers. The continual discussion of the subject has greatly simplified the method of properly estimating their value. The annual report of the State chemist, giving the value of every fertilizing composition offered in the market, is read with avidity by all farmers throughout the State. That report is likewise published in the present volume.

Valuable work has been done at the Experiment Station at Amherst. Its report has been made a public document, and therefore is no longer embodied in the volume prepared by the Secretary of the State Board.

The live stock of the Commonwealth numbers 15,994 horses, 167,817 cows, 56,240 sheep, 57,044 neat cattle other than cows, and 44,670 swine. Since 1884, the number of horses has increased 2307. The cows have decreased 733 in number. The decrease in the number of sheep has been 5707. The annual fairs of the chartered societies receiving State bounty were successful, and the most of them very largely attended. The report of the public meeting of the State Board at Framingham is crowded with interest, the lectures, essays and discussions being well worthy of the most thoughtful perusal. The variety of subjects treated is too great for specification, and will hold the attention of all readers to the last page.

BAIT AND ICE.

The selling of bait, ice and other supplies to American fishermen by the inhabitants of the Provinces has been positively forbidden by the Dominion government. That will never do. It will certainly have to recede from such a position as that. The Landsdowne steamer, Captain Scott, is now patrolling the three-mile limit along the coast for the express purpose of intercepting any Canadian vessel that is engaged in the enterprise and preventing the trade. Nova Scotia may chuckle over a bit of bluster of this sort, but it will be sure to find that it has overreached itself. All that it may do in this line will not change the growing purpose of the American people not to take a share in another so-called reciprocity treaty.

The Dominion authorities have only to keep up this blustering show of authority to compel our own government to call the attention of the British government to such an offensive usurpation of power. That the matter will now very soon be taken above the heads of the Canadian authorities and carried to England there is no reason to doubt. Canada is clearly exceeding the limits of her authority. Let us look at it for a moment. It was years after the much talked-about treaty of 1818, on which Canada now falls back with such confidence, that public proclamation was made both by the United States and Great Britain, that direct trade between the United States and the British North American and West Indian colonies was thrown open. All existing barriers to it were declared to be removed. This step was taken only after prolonged legislative experiments on both sides of a discriminative and retaliatory character. And it was immediately preceded by legislation on the part of Congress and the British Parliament that sustained and warranted such proclamation.

Therefore the old fishery treaty of 1818 has nothing whatever to do with the existing commercial rights of the United States in British North American ports, nor can it be so tortured or twisted as to be made to have any thing to do with them. The right of our people to trade at those ports was freely conceded at least a dozen years after the treaty of 1818 was made. We did not have those rights when the 1818 treaty was made, but we did come in possession of them afterwards. The Dominion government will simply have to put that into its executive pipe and smoke if, while it grows wiser. Congress will now simply have to call the attention of the British government to this obstruction of our commercial rights by the Canadian government, which will doubtless be sufficient for the speedy correction of this blunder on the part of the latter; should it not be, however, it will of course go back to the old style retaliatory legislation, of which Canada will be sure to be sick long before we are.

CONNECTICUT AGRICULTURE.

The Nineteenth Annual Report of the Connecticut State Board of Agriculture, for the year 1885, is before us, and has been examined with a fresh interest in view of the recent advancement and growth of the agricultural forces of the State. The report comprises a carefully prepared record of farming operations in Connecticut up to the present year, including that of the important agricultural meetings, beginning with the winter meeting of the State Board. In fact, it is this State Board meeting that constitutes the frame work and substance of the entire agricultural record, and a most interesting and instructive account it is. To read the lectures and essays of the chosen speakers on the subjects of which they have made a prolonged study, and the subsequent discussions which their delivery provoked, is far better than to sit down alone, in comparison, with elaborate agricultural treatises and extract the wisdom and learning from them with patient and solitary meditation. It is like being ushered into the presence of the debating assembly itself, listening personally to the remarks of its different members, and putting questions which naturally arise in the mind of the reader.

In particular, we have been impressed, while being vastly entertained also, with the discussion of the pollution of streams by sewage and the miscellaneous and indescribable excreta of dwellings and manufactories, and villages, towns, and cities of the State.

The Connecticut River, at whose very mouth has been erected a costly caravansery for such as seek annual summer recreation, is flatly pronounced the great sewer of the State. All the various confluents of that river, both small and great, are of course veins that carry polluted streams to it as to a main artery. The subject was fairly set on foot by the unique and pyrotechnical essay by Mr. J. B. Olcott, of whom Secretary Gold had a pretty accurate measure before allotting his task to him at the appointed meeting. Mr. Olcott treats of "The Germ Theory," and he gives the farmers of all New England equally with those of Connecticut a plentiful measure of thought germs, shaken down, heaped up, and running over. The discussion at last took the form of an issue between the people and the manufacturers, and a suitable committee was finally raised to make such investigations and frame such a report based on them as would convince the legislature of the urgent necessity of some kind of action.

The apple crop of the State formed another important topic for general discussion. The late freeze of May, 1884, ruined the fruit prospects for that year, so that the odd year, 1885, became the bearing year, contrary to the rule which had become established by precedent. What to do with the apples in such a bearing year as last year was, is a problem that tasks the best thought of the enterprising farmers of Connecticut. Situated close to the greatest market in the country, for both consumption and export, it would seem as if the State should not long be puzzled with a problem of that sort. But the single fact that constitutes the problem in the first plae is found to be the common quality of the apples themselves. Were the grade higher, even with an admitted burden of fruit, there would be no trouble about working off the entire crop at some kind of a profit. But when the ground is cumbered with piles on piles of apples from which even cattle and swine turn away after a while with distaste as from a surfeit, the reason for a slow sale is not far to seek, while the reputation and popularity of the finest kinds of American apples are rapidly spreading in all European countries. If it is quality rather than quantity that is to decide the question of profit for the native apple grower, then the problem would seem to be already solved.

Another subject presented to the State Board was "The Nutritive and Manurial Value of Several Kinds of Wheat Feed," by Dr. E. H. Jenkins, suggested by a number of inquiries addressed to the Experiment Station in regard to the relative value of coarse and fine bran. Another, "Insects Injurious to the Apple." Another, "Experiments with Fertilizers." The subject of "Agricultural Fairs" underwent a very thorough discussion, in the course of which the vital points were presented with exceeding force and felicity. "Milk for Cities" formed another timely topic; and so did "Different Kinds of Food for Cattle." A clear headed lawyer discoursed on "Laws Relating to Animals, Contracts," etc. The subject of "Game Birds and Game Laws" was likewise thoroughly discussed. So was "Some New Features of the Dairy Interest," a highly stimulating lecture by Prof. William Brown. The gem of the series of essays was "A Talk with the Young Folks of the Farm," by Mrs. Slosson, read by another lady present. The several special reports embodied in this Annual Report of Secretary Gold cover all the agricultural interests and operations of the State. The annual report of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, at New Haven, accompanies the Report of the Secretary, being a full and exact record of the doings at the Station for last year. There is an amount of instruction in the entire volume which will permanently enrich any mind that seeks to become possessed of it.

☞ *The Dog in Health, Habits and Diseases*, by "Landseer," a well known writer on this favorite animal, is a complete work on the subject treated of, comprising the most thorough compilation and a great variety of useful and valuable information. It is issued in paper covers, and is profusely illustrated. No such useful work, with such fullness of contents, was ever before offered for a quarter of a dollar. P. C. Hartranft, Philadelphia, publisher for the trade.

— France will refuse to join the other Powers in the plan of England to compel Greece to disarm.

— Another bond call has been made for $10,000,000 by the Secretary of the Treasury, making $50,000,000 called during the present fiscal year.

— The losses by the Montreal flood are roughly estimated at $1,000,000.

— The havoc caused by the breaking of the dam at the reservoir near East Lee, Mass., swept the village with a resistless flood, and reached nearly four miles.

— The platform for a new dog law in Chicago is like this: "License, $1; no license, no tag; no tag, no dog."

— The President suggests voluntary arbitration before a strike, and advises Congress to provide a permanent tribunal.

Editor's Table.

☞ *The Atlantic Monthly*, for May, offers the following list of contents, making a superior number even of this representative magazine: Weakness of the United States Government under the Articles of Confederation, by John Fiske; The Thrush; Marsh Rosemary, by Sarah Orne Jewett; Memories of London, by W. J. Stillman; The Heart's Call, by Edith M. Thomas; The Genesis of Bird-Song, by Maurice Thompson; The Secret Out, by Paul Hirmes; The Golden Justice, first and second chapters, by William Henry Bishop; The Aryan Homestead, by E. P. Evans; Life beyond, by C. P. Cranch; The Princess Casamassima, Book Third, by Henry James; To Ziuxia, by W. W. Story; In the Clouds, three chapters, by Charles Egbert Craddock; about the Pacific, a review of a number of books; Waldstein's Art of Pheidias; Longfellow; The Contributors' Club; and Books of the Month. For sale by Cupples, Upham & Co.

☞ *Cassell's Family Magazine*, for May, presents an attractively varied list of contents: A Willful Young Woman, Lyndon of High Cliffe, In Defence of Mothers-in-Law, A Week on the West Coast, Touch and Go—A Midshipman's Story, Some facts about Suppers—by a family doctor, How to Lay Out a Kitchen Garden, My Courtship, Prize Song, An Hour at the National Portrait Gallery, When a Girl's Schooldays are Over, The Impressions of a Noticing Eye, Nice Dishes at Little Cost, The Mystery of the Martyn—Henrys, "He Loves Me," with frontispiece picture, What to Wear, The Dawn of Spring, English and American Girls in Paris, besides the Miscellany, make up a number with which all tastes and appetites ought to be satisfied. The illustrations are plentiful.—For sale by Cupples, Upham & Co.

☞ *Harper's Magazine*, for May, being No. 432 of its numerical issue, contains a copy of a painting of "Faith," by Armitage, for a frontispiece, followed by an article on Portraits of Our Saviour, with twenty illustrations; The Resurrection Miracle; The Growth of the New Testament; Ways of Pleasantness; The Sages of All Ages, I. Confucius; How and When to Read the Bible; besides a number of other articles in prose and verse, story included. Two serial stories are continued in the present number. The frontispiece picture is named "Across the Ferry."—Cassell & Co., New York.

☞ *Godey's Lady's Book*, for May, opens with a pretty little engraving, entitled "Returning Home." It tells the story of a picnicking party. A Coronet of Thorns is continued, with increasing interest. A number of good, short stories appear—Miss Denning's Episode, Sister Ann, and Mary's Wedding, among them. The colored fashion plate illustrates the new shades for spring costumes. Designs are out for Easter wardrobes. Other colored work designs, with numerous illustrations, serve to make up a brilliant spring number.—For sale by Cupples, Upham & Co.

☞ *Watkins' Advertisers' Gazette* is a book of reference and information arranged in convenient form for the use of American advertisers, containing revised lists of the leading newspapers and magazines published in the United States and Canada. It will prove of ready service to the great advertising class of our people. R. L. Watkins' Newspaper Advertising Bureau, Prospect, Ohio.

☞ The latest issues of Cassell's National Library, the price of each being but ten cents, are The Castle of Otranto, by Horace Walpole, and the Life and Adventures of Baron Trenck, volume 2. They can be had of Cleaves, Macdonald & Co., 45 Temple Place, Boston.

☞ *The Kemp Manure Spreader* is in the field, where it has been so long and so successfully. The multitude of farmers who are regularly using it are thoroughly satisfied of its merits. No kind of manure is overlooked by it in its minutely thorough operations. Recent improvements have reduced its draft one-third. In point of strength and durability it challenges the most trying tests. See advertisement of the Richardson Manufacturing Co. in another column.

☞ As the appendix to the report of the Canadian minister of agriculture, we have before us a Report on Agricultural Colleges and Experimental Farm Stations, with suggestions relating to experimental agriculture in Canada, by Prof. William Saunders. It is a timely and valuable collection of the existing facts relating to the whole subject.

☞ *The Marriage Ring* is a series of sermons by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the relations of married life, which have been collected in book form, with paper covers, by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., New York, and will doubtless be very widely read. They excited deep public attention in the delivery.

☞ *Ogilvie's Popular Reading*, No. 29, contains a rich list of completed stories by popular authors. The frontispiece full-page picture is a full-length personal portrait tinted, entitled, "The Opening of Spring." Each number, which is issued on the 1st of every month, contains from five to ten complete stories.

☞ A Public Sale Catalogue of Aberneen-Angus and Hereford cattle, the property of Hon. H. M. Cochrane, of Hillhurst, Canada, has been issued for the sale of a collection of this stock at Dexter Park, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, on the 12th of May, 1886. There will be some choice stock offered on that occasion.

☞ The Nashville, Tenn., Journal of Medicine and Surgery, edited by C. S. Briggs, D.D., has been issued for April, and contains papers of much interest and value to the profession.

☞ In paying a personal visit recently to the spacious agricultural warerooms and seedstore of *Parker & Wood*, No. 49 North Market street, we found the place crowded with customers and visitors, come to gratify the wants and feed the curiosity which are felt by reading the frequent and liberal announcements of this enterprising firm to the agricultural community. The scene was truly enlivening, and made one feel almost as if he were participting in a new opening. It is readily accounted for by observing the generous persistency with which Messrs. Parker & Wood advertise their very full stock to the purchasing public, the columns of the *Ploughman* attesting the fact without interruption.

☞ Those who are in search of fine coaches and carriages will do well to read the advertisement of *Hugh Stewart*, No. 13 Green street, Boston, who offers his stock of Berlin coaches and light carriages at lower prices than purchasers will have to pay elsewhere, which is a decisive consideration. Mr. Stewart has been compelled to enlarge his working space in consequence of the increase of his business, and has added to his present Green street location the shops formerly occupied by W. A. Ward, 244 Main street, Cambridgeport, which give him unequaled facilities both for manufacture and repairing.

The new season suggests to the farmers plows and harrows, cultivators and horse hoes, seed drills and corn planters, and they will be glad to realize that farming implements never were so low as now. *The Higganum Manufacturing Co.*, No. 38 South Market street, Boston, is in full stock of these products at their spacious warerooms, and offers all kinds of tools for farming at reduced prices. See the company's advertisement in another column. The portrait of the Corbin Disk harrow will attract special attention. The agricultural implements of the company are all first-class.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hand by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using, sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.* oct17-19t cow

—The Concord School of Philosophy announces a two weeks' session in the latter part of July, with an attractive list of subjects and speakers. "Dante and his Divine Comedy" is to take up the first week, and the "Philosophy of Plato" will keep the attention for the remaining time.

I HAD A DREADFUL COUGH,

and raised a considerable amount of blood and matter; besides, I was very thin, and so weak I could scarcely go about the house. This was the case of a man with consumption arising from liver complaint. He recovered his health *completely* by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of others bear similar testimony.

— Rev. Phillips Brooks starts this week on an extended California trip, in company with a few friends.

☞ Those who have used the Boss Zinc and Leather Collar Pads and Ankle Boots say they are the best and cheapest, because most durable. They will last a life time. Sold by Harness makers on 60 days' trial. Dexter Curtis, Madison, Wis. ian9-13t cow

— Mr. John Bigelow finds that six-sevenths of the Panama canal yet remains to be dug. He does not think it can be completed by 1889, as M. de Lesseps does.

Absolutely pure and consequently eminently fit for family and medicinal purposes are *Gibson's pure rye Whiskies*. They are bottled under Moore & Sinnott's label. For sale by druggists and grocers and reliable liquor dealers.

— Bluebirds are plentiful so far, and never looked prettier or more enticing. Their notes run for about four months.

☞ Delicate flavored stimulants eminently suitable for family and medicinal use are those that have been submitted to the Cushing Process. Sold by druggists, grocers and Cushing Process Co., 214 High street, Boston.

— The eventual solution of the rapid transit problem for our large cities will be the construction of trackways beneath the streets. Although the first expense is bound to be large, after that, with the help of modern devices, everything favors this method of transit. And the cost of maintenance would be very much less than for any other system of railway transit.

☞ James Pyle's Pearline is an article of too great value to housekeepers to be untried by any. No similar article has come into general use in so short a time, simply because it always speaks for itself on trial. Sold by all grocers, but see that counterfeits are not urged upon you.

— At a fashionable boarding school in New York City young ladies are specially taught in the art of gracefully entering and leaving a carriage, a vehicle being kept in the back yard for that purpose.

☞ "100 Doses One Dollar," is true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is an unanswerable argument as to strength and economy.

— There is a truly superb display, just now, of hyacinths and tulips on the lawn in front of the State House.

☞ Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray hair to its original color, makes it vigorous and abundant.

— The divorce list for hearing at the May sitting in the Supreme Court for Suffolk county, is the longest list ever made up in the Commonwealth.

For Outside Painting, use Asahel Wheeler's marine varnish; it will cause the paint to wear twice as long as without it. His English mineral-white paint will do twice the service of the purest lead, and costs less.

— Train wreckers have caused the cruel death of two men on the Missouri Pacific Railroad.

☞ Know Thyself, by reading, the "Science of Life," the best medical work ever published, for young and middle-aged men. apr17 5t

— The recent floods in Montreal are likely to cause many business failures there.

☞ • • • • Delicate Diseases, affecting male or female, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Illustrated book for 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

— The Kentucky legislature hesitates on the whipping-post issue.

MARRIAGES.

At the parsonage, Lynnfield Centre, April 25, by Rev. Harry L. Brickett, Mr. Frank S. Perley and Miss Rose B. Wiley, both of Lynnfield.

In Hancock, N. H., April 22, by Rev. J. W. Coolidge, John W. Coolidge, jr., to Miss Ida E. Goodhue.

In Charlestown, April 22, by Rev. James Reed, Fred W. White of Worcester and Mabel J., daughter of the late John T. Boyd of Charlestown.

DEATHS.

In this city, April 23, Stephen S. Judkins, 73 yrs. 6 mos. 17 dys.

In Westminster, April 16, Ellery Estabrook, 80 yrs. 9 mos.

In Melrose, April 23, William H. Jones.

In Neponset, April 23, Deborah H., widow of the late James A. Miers, 88 yrs. 7 mos.

In Washington, D. C., April 23, Marianne, daughter of the late Cyrus Alger and widow of Rev. Mellish I. Mettle, 75 yrs.

In Cambridgeport, April 23, David C. Willis, 73 yrs. formerly of Charlestown, Mass.

In Scituate, April 25, J. Otis Elms, 77 yrs. 5 mos.

In Medford, April 27, Charlotte F., widow of the late P. S. Greenleaf, 75 yrs.

In Malden, April 27, Adeline L., widow of A. G. Shackford, 70 yrs. 5 mos. 6 dys.

In Somerville, April 26, George G. Woodward, 58 yrs. 11 mos. 22 dys.

In Woburn, April 22, Dea. Benjamin Millett, 76 yrs. 9 mos.

In Duxbury, April 22, Albert C., son of William and Mary Myrick, 48 yrs.

In San Francisco, April 22, Annie M., wife of James H. O'Hara of Newton, Mass.

In Milton, April 23, Mrs. Mary H. M. Thompson, 80 yrs. 3 mos. 24 dys.

In Somerville, April 25, Sallie, widow of Joshua Bailey, 75 yrs.

In Salem, April 22, Miss Rebecca L. Buttrick, 79 yrs.

In West Newton, April 24, Timothy E. Stuart, 57 yrs.

In Arlington, April 26, Annah J., wife of the late Capt. F. O. Williams, 72 yrs. 3 mos. 23 dys.

"ROBIN HOOD" AND MATES.

BRED AND OWNED BY C. A. HAWKINS, LANCASTER, MASS.

Winners of First and Special Prizes for best Breeding Pen Wyandottes, at Madison Square Garden, New York City, February, 1886, in competition with 44 Breeding Pens. These Birds were bred from one mating.

Cattle Markets.

BRIGHTON AND WATERTOWN.

Reported expressly for the Mass. Ploughman.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING April 28, 1886.

Amount of stock at market —

	Beeves.	Sheep.	Shoats.	Fat Hogs.	Veal.
This week	1,853	17,166		17,766	178
Last week	2,527	6,192	217	19,723	178
One yr ago	1,739	9,526	102	16,812	188

Horses 477

Prices on Northern Cattle.

Beef.—Per 100 lbs. on total weight of hide, tallow and meat, extra, $7 50@7 75; first quality, $7@7 25; second quality, $6 00@6 50; third quality, $5@5 50; a few choice single pairs, $8@8 75; some of the poorest bulls, &c., $4 00@4 50.

Working Oxen.—$100@187; handy steers $60@120 or much according to their value for beef.

Cows and Two-year-olds.—Extra quality, $35@38; extra, $40@48; farrow and dry, $15@30. Fancy Cows, $50@80.

Stores.—Milch Cows for farmers—yearlings, $9@18 00; two-year-olds, $13@28; three-year-old, $23@40.

Sheep.—Per lb, live weight, 2½@3 cents; extra 3½@4c. Sheep and Lambs, ℔ head, in lots, $2 50@6 75. Lambs, 6@8c.

Fat Hogs.—Per lb, 4@5c live weight; Shotes, wholesale, 5@ c; retail, 5@10c; Northern dressed 8c.

Veal Calves.—2½@5½c ℔ lb.

Hides.—Brighton, 6½@ c ℔ lb; country lots, 6c.

Calf Skins.—8@10c.

Tallow.—Brighton, 3½@ c ℔ lb; country lots, 2½c.

Pelts.—75c@1 15 each; country lots, 75c@1 15; selected, $1 25@1 50; dairy skins, 25@35c.

CATTLE AND SHEEP FROM SEVERAL STATES.

	Beeves.	Sheep.		Beeves.	Sheep.
Maine	183	1	New York	57	980
N. Hampshire	106	496	R. I. & Conn		
Vermont	246	984	Western	1159

INSTITUTE FIELD MEETING

AT DR. LORING'S FARM.

[Salem Gazette's Report.]

Wednesday, April 21, was a perfect day for the field meeting of the Essex Agricultural Society at Dr. Loring's farm, and several hundred were present from various parts of the county. The gathering was for the purpose of witnessing the working and construction of different agricultural implements—principally ploughs and harrows. The trials were conducted under certain restrictions, as to width and depth of furrow, etc., but no one was appointed to pass judgement on the work of the different machines, each individual being left to choose for himself what in his opinion excelled.

The display of utensils was quite large, probably excelling that of former years. Among the larger exhibitors were J. D. Colcord of West Peabody and Whitcomb & Carter of Beverly.

Mr. Colcord exhibited the following articles: Champion new mower, champion light steel mower, champion one horse new mower, national reversible sulky plough, Thomas reversible smoothing harrow, warrior disc harrow, Yankee swivel plough, I X L swivel plough, national steel metal plough, New England horse hoe and cultivator, standard horse dump rake and standard tedder. The champion mowers for which Mr. Colcord is agent are manufactured by the company in Springfield, Ohio, which recently discharged all Knights of Labor in their employ, but this fact did not appear to prejudice the farmers against them. The Champion Light Steel Mower—made entirely of steel and malleable iron—is something new and especially recommended by Mr. Colcord.

Whitcomb & Carter of Beverly exhibited the North American side hill plough, the land side Hussey plough, the Hussey cultivator, climax wheel harrow, Kemp's manure spreader and buckeye mowing machine.

Parker A Wood, of Boston, showed the standard hay tedder, standard hay rake, I X L plough, Thomas' reversible smoothing harrow, the buckeye fertilizer sower, and other goods also shown by Mr. Colcord of Peabody, who is sub-agent for the same.

George G. Creamer, of Hamilton, showed the Ward swivel and land side ploughs. C. W. Mann of Methuen, keystone corn planter. E. E. Thomas, of Beverly (or Boston), the Bradley mower, which has gearing for a changeable speed without altering the pace of the horses, and which the agent claimed has a capacity for mowing two acres an hour. C. L. Hosley of Newburyport, the Whittemore combined harrow, cart and double spring tooth riding harrow. C. H. Thompson & Co., Boston, eclipse corn planter, Thompson horse hoe and cultivator, victor pulverizer and Massasoit corn planter. Joseph Breck & Son, Boston, Acme harrow, novelty or Sherwood plow harrow, and United States harrow. A number of the Ames ploughs and steel plows, besides a corn planter and fertilizer by the same company; and so also were specimens of the Wadleigh Plow Company's instruments. J. R. Whittemore, of Chicopee Fall, Mass., exhibited a potato digger, a harrow and corn hoe.

Before leaving many of the guests improved the opportunity of looking through the Doctor's well ordered barns, and examining the cattle and horses. Within a few years the number of cows kept on this place has been very materially reduced, and one barn in which some forty or fifty cows were formerly kept is now given over to horses, which are boarded here through the winter.

The Corbin Disk Harrow

At Reduced Prices.

This Harrow is so well known that it requires no puffing.

THE J. S. C. FRAMELESS DISK HARROW, SOMETHING NEW.

Hughes' Castor Tooth and Meeker Smoothing Harrows.

ACME SULKY SWIVEL PLOW,

Seed and Landside Plows—Cultivators, Horse Hoes, Ridgers, Harrows, Seed Drills and Hand Cultivators.

Improved Corn Planter and Fertilizer Distributor.

Garden and Field Rollers, Road Scrapers, in Iron and Steel, Castings for all leading Plows.

The Celebrated Crown Mower, Dutton's Mower Knife Grinder.

Now is the time to purchase. Farming tools were never so low. Call and examine our stock, or send for circulars before purchasing.

HIGGANUM M'F'G CORP., 38 80 MARKET STREET, BOSTON.

mch18 tf

Ensilage Silo Governor Certificate.

THE undersigned having made and fed ensilage for several years, believing that we have arrived at certain and uniform success, offer to those who wish to make the following

CERTIFICATE.

This certifies that we are making ensilage without heat or fermentation in air tight silos, cutting the corn in the field, when heighing, weighing 100 lbs to the square foot, and with this pressure getting one foot in depth of solid ensilage in the bottom of the silo. We remove from the silo by using Colcord's Silo Governor, which causes a heavy vertical with very little horizontal pressure, so as to obtain uniform results. Said moist, sweet and pulpy ensilage of the natural color of the corn, without off-sivive odor, imparting to cattle no bad effects, hands or clothing, but often at a height, sweet smell, and sometimes the odor of rice, dry corn fodder. We feed an average of sixty pounds daily to each cow, and our cattle eat it all without any waste.

We regard Mr. Colcord's method as the true, if not the only true method of ensilaging green forage crops, and recommend it as sure, uniform, economical, and less expensive than any other. We have been with the Governor according to directions, any one may be sure of success with ensilage.

EDMUND M. PEABODY, Boston, Mass.
T. F. RUGGLES, Milton, Mass.
C. L. COPELAND, Milton, Mass.
C. A. DAVIS, Milton, Mass.
BERNARD MONAGHAN, Dedham, "

For circulars or other information apply to

S. M. COLCORD, Dover, Mass.

April, 1886. my1-2t

Wanted,

AGENTS in every town to sell the "Raising and Management of Poultry," a phonographic report of the meeting of breeders and experts held in Boston last March.

Send 30 cents for a specimen copy to CUPPLES, UPHAM & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

aug8-tf

MEN ONLY. A Quick, Permanent Cure for Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nervousness, Weakness. No quackery. Invaluable French Book sent sealed, free. ERIE MED. CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

apr17 17t

STATUE OF "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD."

More Money Needed.

The Committee in charge of the construction of the Pedestal and the erection of the Statue, **in order to raise funds for its completion**, have prepared, from model furnished by the artist, a *perfect fac-simile* Miniature Statuette, which they are delivering to subscribers throughout the United States at the following prices:

No. 1 Statuette, *six inches in height*,—the Statue bronzed; Pedestal, nickel-silvered, each **One Dollar each**, delivered.

No. 2 Statuette, in same metal, *twelve inches high*, beautifully bronzed and nickeled, at **Five Dollars each**, delivered.

No. 3 Statuette, *twelve inches high*, finely chased. Statue bronzed, Pedestal, **Heavily Silver-Plated**, WITH PLUSH BASE, at **Ten Dollars each**, delivered.

Much time and money have been spent in perfecting the Statuettes, and they are much improved over the first sent out. The Committee have received from subscribers many letters of commendation.

The *New York World* Fund of $100,000 completes the Pedestal, but it is estimated that $40,000 is yet needed to pay for the iron fastenings and the erection of the Statue.

Liberal subscriptions for the Miniature Statuettes will produce the desired amount.

Address, with remittance,

RICHARD BUTLER, Secretary,
American Committee of the Statue of Liberty,
33 Mercer Street, New York.

HUGH STEWART,

Coach Builder,

13 GREEN ST.,

Offers his stock of

BERLIN COACHES

and light carriages of his own make at

LOWER PRICES

than the same quality of work can be bought elsewhere, there being no intermediate profit to the dealer. The increase of business has necessitated more room, and I have secured the shops at 244 Main street, Cambridgeport, formerly occupied by W. A. Ward, which, with my present location, gives me facilities unsurpassed in New England both for repairing and new work.

HUGH STEWART,
13 Green Street, Bowdoin Square, BOSTON.

may1 52t

Bay State Paints

—IN—

SIXTY-ONE DIFFERENT SHADES.

—AND—

Masury's Liquid Colors,

—IN—

Forty Tints, besides White and Black.

Sample cards free upon application. Also a full line of

Painters' Supplies

—AND—

Artists' Materials,

Largest Stock in New England at Lowest Prices.

WADSWORTH, HOWLAND & CO.
82 & 84 WASHINGTON and 46 FRIEND STREET, BOSTON.

Catalogues of either line of goods mailed free.

may1 3t

MARINE VARNISH

—AND—

ENGLISH MINERAL WHITE

For Outside Painting.

—ALSO—

Constant White Paint

For Inside Use.

Thousands of dollars are annually wasted in painting which might be saved by inquiring.

Descriptive circular mailed for 2-cent stamp.

ASAHEL WHEELER, Manufacturer,
145 MILK STREET, BOSTON.

apr17 4t

The Finest Stock —OF— SEEDS

To be found in New England.

Our reputation for reliability is undisputed. We give full value of your money in first quality seeds; and our prices are very reasonable. Send for our NEW CATALOGUE. FREE TO ALL.

Schlegel & Fottler,
26 SO MARKET ST. BOSTON, MASS.

mar13 tf

PRATT'S MAGNESIUM Fertilizing Compound,

A Plant Food for Crops of Every Kind.

The principal bases of this compound are magnesia and sulphate of lime, to which are added in proper quantities certain other fertilizing elements, which in their combination render the compound a perfect and permanent fertilizer. There is about 30 per cent. of magnesia, with a large percentage of sulphate of lime and ammonia in the compound. It is the best Fertilizer in the world for potatoes. We believe that it will wholly do away with the use of Paris Green.

Price $25 a ton; $1.50 a Hundred for Small Quantities.

FACTORY AT
115 Charlestown Street,
OFFICE AT
17 MILK STREET.
Address
Eureka Fertilizer Co.

At latter place.

apr24 4t

50 Chromo or 25 Hidden name Cards, name on 10c. Samples and terms, 4c. Crown Printing Co., Northford, Ct nov14 13t eow

EMERSON Piano-Fortes.

(ESTABLISHED IN 1849.)

More than 40,000 of these popular instruments, now in use in the various parts of the country, have fully established their reputation.

A First-Class Piano at a Medium Price.

Send for catalogue or call at warerooms,

146 A TREMONT ST., BOSTON.

Superior Pianos to Rent.

apr10-13t

Elm Farm Poultry Yards.

ESTABLISHED 1881.

FRANK TASKER,

BREEDER OF

Light and Dark Brahmas, S. C. Brown Leghorns, and Wyandottes.

CLIFTONDALE, MASS.

Eggs for Hatching, $2.00 for Thirteen. Three Settings, $5.00.

mch20 13t

We Speak What we Know.

THE DOLE FERTILIZER CO.'S

GOODS are as good as any on the market, and at much lower prices.

The reason these Fertilizers are so popular is because they are what they are represented to be.

They contain in proper proportion the necessary food for the several crops for which they are prepared.

They have already the reputation of causing in the field results equal to any other, and at a much less cost.

Send for our YOUNG FARMERS' ALMANAC, a hand-book of ready reference for Farmers.

Office 120 Commerce Street, Boston.

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HOVEY & CO.'S RELIABLE TESTED SEEDS

Are acknowledged by Farmers and Market Gardeners everywhere to be the Best.

Be sure and send for our CATALOGUE and see our PRICES Before you buy.

Catalogues sent free to all who apply. Address

HOVEY & CO.,
SEED GROWERS,
16 SOUTH MARKET STREET,
BOSTON, MASS. tf

mch20

LIGHT BRAHMA EGGS FOR HATCHING.

$2.00 per setting; $3.00 for three settings.

Comsey's strain.

apr24-4t WM. MARLAND, Andover, Mass.

READ AND RUN.

—Greece has finally abandoned her war preparations.

—Ex-President Arthur is now reported to be rapidly convalescing.

—Gen. Grant would have been sixty-four years old last Tuesday.

—The success of American opera in Boston last week was unequivocal.

—The very boot blacks are out on strikes, demanding ten cents instead of five.

—The Congo Free State was formally created by the representatives of the powers at Berlin.

—The outlook for the final passage of Mr. Gladstone's bill is all the time growing brighter.

—An American fishing vessel has been seized off Cape Breton for being within the three-mile limit.

—Chicago furniture manufacturers, employing 4000 men, are organizing against future strikes.

—The Massachusetts Senate has rejected the bill allowing women to vote on granting liquor licenses.

—The farmers of the Northwest had seeded more than one-half of their spring wheat a week ago.

—Virginia is quite as truly the grave-yard as the mother of Presidents, there being five of them buried in her soil.

—The retail clerks of Chicago would like shorter hours of labor, say ten hours in place of their present sixteen.

—By a break in the Mississippi levee near Helena, Ark., it is estimated that over a million acres will be flooded.

—As the "Philadelphia Times" observes—"Reason and law must rule labor disputes, and all other disputes, in the end."

—The true public benefactors are those who teach men what they need to know in order to bring about their advancement.

—The widow of Wendell Phillips died in Boston last Saturday evening. She had been an invalid for a great many years.

—The Easter services in the Boston churches last Sunday were of the most impressive description, and were very largely attended.

—The thermometer in Boston registered 84.3 deg. on Friday of last week, the highest point reached this season and a remarkable one at that.

—The United States Senate, on Wednesday of last week, between the hours of one and four o'clock, passed 525 bills, or nearly three a minute

—The sailors in the naval asylum at Philadelphia, to the number of more than 150, struck against veal-pot-pie at noon, one day last week.

— Many important suggestions were made in the reports to the Harvard overseers by committees on entrance examinations, the elective system, and attendance at recitations.

—An immense swarm of June bugs flew over a town in Indiana, last week, about ten feet wide, in a stream 200 rods wide, and were over two hours in passing. That, at least, is the story.

— Spring is quite two weeks earlier than usual. The grass looks finely now, but there must be cold, wet weather to make it grow thick at the roots and consequently heavy at the cutting.

— Congress is now asked to pass a law to the effect that residents of each State and Territory may solicit orders in other States and Territories, without the payment of any license or mercantile tax.

—The "London Engineer" remarks that "the changes so eagerly and fiercely demanded by the Socialists, namely, all to the worker and little or nothing to the capitalist, seem in the way of fulfilment if the present state of things continues."

— The dense population of Belgium is supported by its manufacturing industries, and if industries adapted to the country could be developed in Ireland, we should hear less about the inability of that island to support its population.

— The boycott is very rapidly becoming odious to the American people. Nine times in ten a boycott involves tyranny. The members of trades unions, like other people, will find that real and permanent power can never rest upon anything but fair play.

—The pedestal for the Bartholdi statue has been completed with the money which the "New York World" succeeded in raising from the people of the United States. That journal now asks the people to contribute $15,000 more to put the statue in place.

—There are now upon the army retired list no fewer than 417 officers, whose annual pay and allowances amount to $1,103,799.96. Their number has been more than trebled in the last eighteen years. There are now 32 retired generals and about 80 retired colonels.

—Monday last was Memorial Day in the South. There is no general suspension of work and business on the day, no making the day a general holiday, but there is a quiet, intense reverence in all the tributes of the living to the dead soldiers of the defunct Confederacy and in all their decoration exercises, that is truly touching.

—Hundreds of children rolled Easter eggs around the Executive Mansion on Monday, spending the day on the grounds. The President witnessed their games with pleasure, and afterwards received some two hundred of them, shaking each one by the hand and receiving from several of them the gayly-colored Easter eggs they carried.

— The North German Gazette, the organ of Prince Bismarck, says it has no doubt that France would take the first opportunity to revenge herself upon Germany. It adds, however, that if Germany remains calm it has no fear for the result, although it recognizes that the French are a brave and dangerous enemy, and have made great strides in military strength since the last revolution.

— The Acting Secretary of the Treasury has requested the State Department to appoint Sanitary Inspectors at the United States Consulates at Genoa, Naples, Marseilles, and Venice, with instructions to give prompt information of the appearance of cholera in any of the consular districts named, and to report the departure of emigrants and merchandise for the United States from the infected districts.

—Chief Engineer Arthur, in his Hartford address to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, offered this advice to workingmen: "Be sober, be frugal, be industrious, and practice a little self-denial for those dependent on you." He said to the Knights of Labor: "If you expect to succeed and prosper, carry out the golden rule and do unto others as you would they should do to you. Be fair to your employers as well as to yourselves. It is not the cloth that makes the man. Have character. If you have character your organization will have it. Lose it, and your organization will have no power."

—About 806,000 barrels of American apples have been shipped abroad for the season, with a few more shipments to follow, chiefly of russets. The great bulk of shipments so far has been Baldwins and Greenings. The shipments from New York are much the larger, the shipments from Boston having fallen off the last year from 506,665 barrels last year to 216,911 this year. The American apple enjoys great favor abroad, and is eagerly songht after and eaten with enjoyment. In England especially is this the case. Under such circumstances it seems strange that more attention is not given to the raising of apples for export, which can be made an immense branch of our foreign trade. All the products we send abroad are just so much gain to the country.

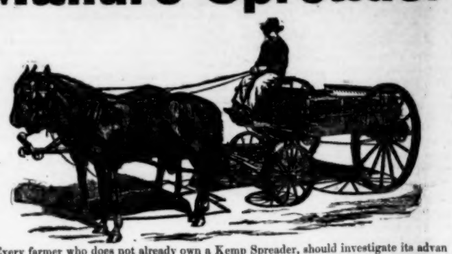
FOR THE LADIES.

Laughter is the poor man's plaster,
Making every burden light;
Turning sadness into gladness,
Darkest hour to May dawn bright.

'Tis the deepest and the cheapest
Cure for ills of this description,
But for those that woman's heir to,
Use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription."

Cures all weaknesses and irregularities, "bearing down" sensations, "internal fever," bloating, displacements, inflammation, morning sickness, and tendency to cancerous disease. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

THE KEMP Manure Spreader



Every farmer who does not already own a Kemp Spreader, should investigate its advantages during the winter and be ready to order one in season for the spring work. It is the best investment that can be made, and will pay larger returns than any implement on the farm. No farmer can afford to do without it, and no farmer will do without it when he knows what it will do. It spreads all kinds of manure, from the roughest and toughest to the finest, and covers every square inch of ground with finely pulverized manure. It increases the crop, makes uniform crops, and transforms the hardest work on the farm into the easiest.

IMPROVEMENTS FOR 1886.

New Feed Gearing by which different amounts per acre are changed instantly, requiring no hammer, wrench, or other tools. DRAFT REDUCED ONE-THIRD by improved manner of attaching forward wheels—while for strength and durability it has reached a degree of perfection in manufacture whereby breakages very seldom occur. Send for Circulars.

The Richardson Manufacturing Co.
WORCESTER, MASS.

jan30-1f

FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY

Bradley's Superphosphate

HAS MAINTAINED ITS SUPREMACY!

BECAUSE it has been our constant aim to make it THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

BECAUSE it contains all the requisite elements of plant-food in such FORMS AND PROPORTIONS as the practical experience of 25 YEARS has proved to best constitute a WELL-BALANCED, COMPLETE MANURE FOR GENERAL USE ON ALL CROPS.

BECAUSE the materials of which it is composed are selected with especial reference TO THEIR CROP-PRODUCING POWERS.

BECAUSE it is UNIFORM IN QUALITY AND CONDITION, being daily analyzed by competent chemists, the business being done on A SCIENTIFIC BASIS.

BECAUSE with an ESTABLISHED REPUTATION OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, OUR BUSINESS BEING THE LARGEST OF THE KIND IN THE WORLD, we have far too much at stake to put anything upon the market which is not STRICTLY AS REPRESENTED, and which we are not well convinced will give the BEST RESULTS IN THE FIELD.

FARMERS' REFERENCE BOOK
SENT ON APPLICATION TO

Bradley Fertilizer Co., Boston.

may1 1t

A Complete Fertilizer, UNEQUALLED IN EFFECTS, THE "BAY STATE" TRADE MARK. THE FAVORITE, ADAPTED TO ALL CROPS AND SOILS.

Produces Early Growth!
Rapid Maturity!
An Abundant Yield!

Realization of the above is what has given this WELL-KNOWN BRAND such a widespread popularity. Compounded from the **Best Sources of Plant Food**, and in such proportions as not to **strain or exhaust the soil.** In purchasing *be sure* that each package bears Trade Mark as above. Do not fail to try it this season.

"Bay State" Hand Book for 1886 mailed free on application to the Manufacturers.

CLARK'S COVE GUANO CO.,
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

may1 6t

COOLEY CREAMERS,

LARGELY IMITATED BUT NOT EQUALLED. THEY HAVE A PATENTED PROCESS WHICH NO OTHERS CAN USE.

Are used by more fine butter makers and stock breeders than any other apparatus, because they have proved to make the **largest quantity** and **best quality** of butter with **least labor and expense.** They surpass everything in the Cream Gathering system. **Have both Top and Bottom Skimmers.** Cream drawn FIRST OR LAST. NO DANGER OF SEDIMENT. Thick walls with dead air space. Used with or without ice. **SIX GOLD Medals and SEVENTEEN SILVER Medals** awarded for superiority of process and product. Send for circulars giving facts and references sustaining these claims. DAVIS SWING CHURNS, EUREKA and SKINNER'S BUTTER WORKERS, CARRIERS, PRINTS, and a full line of Creamery supplies.

VT. FARM MACHINE CO., Bellows Falls, Vermont.

apr24 6t

ECLIPSE WINDMILL, $30,

And upward. The Mill which has been awarded more prizes than any other; now within reach of all, with prices greatly reduced.

All Mills Put Up by us Warranted for Three Years

Hose and Water Pipe a Specialty.

Address, for Circular, L. J. WHEELER, No. 68 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

may1 52t

THE YANKEE SPY.

[Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.]

During the session of an important religious body in our city I made the acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Dubuque, a delegate from one of the Northwestern States. What attracted me to the man was his amiability and meekness. Mr Dubuque came up to my ideal of a preacher and I found his companionship very pleasant. One afternoon my Western friend asked me if I thought that any of the bombproofs, dug by the citizens during the siege of Atlanta, were still in existence. I told him to see one, as he had been requested by his friends at home to sketch it. "I know of one that we can reach in a ten-minutes' walk," I said. Mr. Dubuque was delighted and we were soon on our way to the place.

I hada slight acquaintance with the old lady upon whose premises the bombproof was situated, and when we reached the place and stated the object of our visit permission was readily granted to examine the queer-looking hole in the ground which has served as a refuge from Sherman's shells. The bombproof fortunately was in a fine state of preservation, and the old lady pointed it out to us with a good deal of pride. At first we saw only a huge mound of earth covered with grass, but at one end we found an opening to a crooked underground chamber, about six feet deep, ten long, and five in width. No falling shell had sufficient force to penetrate that mound, composed of red clay, timber, and scrap iron.

When we scrambled out of the gloomy place the old lady remarked that when she occupied it the walls were lined with old carpets, and the floor was covered with rugs. With a few chairs and some blankets her family had found a night in the dugout, as she called it, very endurable.

"Those were stirring times," said Mr. Dubuque.

"They were, indeed," replied our hostess. "I can never forgive Gen. Sherman for shelling a city full of women and children."

"One of the necessities of war," said the preacher in an undertone. "By the way, did any of your soldiers ever seek shelter in this snug little hole?"

"Only one," replied the lady, "and he turned out to be a Yankee spy."

"Is it possible!" her two listeners exclaimed.

"Yes, I was never so surprised in my life. One day the shelling was unusually hot. Two spent shells struck the house. A soldier who was passing ran into our yard and made for the bombproof. He requested our permission to remain a few minutes, and of course we had no objection. He was a fine-looking young man, and made himself very agreeable. Then he left he expressed a wish for something to read, and I let him have 'The Aid-de-Camp,' a Confederate novel. He promised to return it, but I did not expect to see it again.

"And did he return it?" I asked.

"Yes, and I wish he hadn't. Why, what do you think? Two weeks later, after Sherman had occupied the city, I was out in my front yard one morning looking after my plants, when who should ride up to the fence but a young officer in a spink-spank new uniform. I wouldn't look at him until he saluted me, and said: 'Madam, I have called to return your book. I enjoyed it very much.' I took the book. It was 'The Aid-de-Camp.' Then I looked the officer full in the face. 'So you were a spy,' I said. 'That's what they call it,' replied the young rascal with a laugh. He bowed, waved his hand and galloped off. I never saw him again, but I would know him anywhere by the two scars on his right temple."

"A very interesting incident," said Mr. Dubuque. "It is to be hoped that your spy abandoned the tricks of his business and settled down into a good citizen after the war."

"I don't believe a word of it," responded the old lady. "If I had known what he was at first I would have had him turned over to Gen. Hood and shot."

By this time we had seen all there was to be seen, and were ready to take our departure. As he turned to go, after thanking the mistress of the house for her courtesy, Mr. Dubuque, before replacing his hat, brushed away his curly locks carelessly from his right temple, revealing two little scars, and gazed at the good lady, who was smiling upon him.

"My goodness!" exclaimed the excited woman. "Why, you are the spy, the very man himself!"

With a sardonic grin the Rev. Mr. Dubuque bowed, and, putting on his hearer, turned and walked rapidly away, gently drawing me with him.

"See here, how about this?" I inquired. "Your curiosity is natural," said the preacher. "The fact is—but hold on a moment. Here is a delegate who is looking me up to write a report for his committee. You must excuse me for the present."

And off he went with his brother minister. I returned to my office, and that night when I tried to look Dubuque up for an explanation I found that he had been suddenly called home by a telegram announcing illness in his family. I have never heard from him since, but he impressed me as a nice man.

SOME OF THE FRUITS.

A gentleman who owns land over the river, while strolling around his possessions a few days since, happened upon two indolent darkies of whom he inquired why they were not at work.

"Well, boss," replied one of them, "we's jest waitin' to see how dese yer things gwine ter turn out."

"What things?" inquired the gentleman. "Dis yer fust 'twixt de workin' man and dem railroads out yonder in de Wess," replied the darkey.

"Well," said the gentleman, "what have you to do with that?"

"Why, boss, we done heard dat if workin' men gits de best of it, dat dey gwine to take all de railroads, and all us workin' men kin ride whar we wants ter free, and me and dis yer gemman war jes' talkin' 'bout whar we'd go dis summer."

"You'll just go about as far as Jim Smith's if you keep on your speculations in that line," remarked the gentleman, as he started off, and we are much of the same opinion —[Athens (Ga.) Banner Watchman.

PERFECTION IN PLOWS.

The Perfect Side Hill Plow.

Found at last in the Improved North American Plow. We will send this to any one in want of a Side Hill Plow and is not the best Plow to be obtained, it can be returned free of any expense.

The Oliver Chilled Plow.

The Best Land Side Plow in existence.

Over 2000 of them sold from Boston last year. We guarantee this Plow to be superior to any Land Side Plow in the market.

New, Reliable Seeds.

We carry in our warehouses the **largest stock of Peas, Beans and Sweet Corn** to be found in New England, and a general line of Garden, Field, Grass and Flower Seeds, all of crop 1885, secured from the best growers, all of which have been tested as to germinating quality.

Our Illustrated Catalogue Mailed Free:

Special Prices to Market Gardeners and Large Farmers.

While we are associated with the other seedsmen of repetation in Boston for the purpose of supplying pure and reliable seeds only at lowest prices, we are also prepared to meet prices given by any firm in this or other cities.

C. H. THOMPSON & CO.
71 Clinton, 80 & 82 South Market Sts.
Retail Branch 34 Merchants Row,
BOSTON, MASS.

The debris being now cleared away our patrons will find the Clinton Street entrance clean and easy of access. may1 1t

STOCKBRIDGE CORN FERTILIZER.

First Prize - - - - - 113 1-8 Bush. Per Acre.

NEW CANAAN, CONN., Nov. 1, 1885.

On May 16, 1885, we planted one acre of land that had been used as a nursery ground, and had *not been plowed for forty years*, with 12 quarts Angel of Midnight Field Corn. Stockbridge, alone, was used as a fertilizer at the rate of 1200 lbs. per acre. The yield from this piece was 6355 lbs. shelled corn harvested Sept. 7, 1885. STEPHEN HOYTS' SONS.

BOWKER FERTILIZER COMPANY,
43 Chatham St., Boston, - - - 20 - Beaver St., New York

may1 1t

SPECIAL NOTICE!!

In order to increase the demand for the

OLD, RELIABLE "Stover" Windmill

In the New England States, we have decided to offer

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS

or the season of 1886. Parties who are intending to purchase, and *especially* those located in places where none of our mills have yet been erected, will find it to their advantage to write or call upon us, as we are prepared to name

VERY LOW PRICES.

Full directions are furnished to purchasers for erecting the tower and placing the mill in position, and any mechanic can perform the work.

EVERY MILL IS WARRANTED.

Send, for particulars, to

HENRY W. PEABODY & CO.,
Sole New England Agents,
70 Kilby Street, Mason Building, Boston.

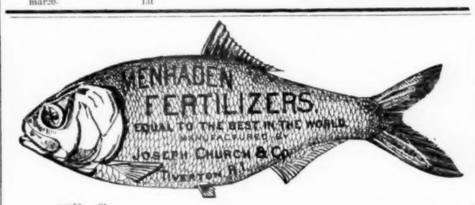
mch27 13t

Darling's Animal Fertilizers, —AND— 1886. PURE FINE BONE. 1886.

These old, reliable fertilizers are again offered to the farmers. Darling's Animal Fertilizer has a **PURE BONE BASIS** and is a **HIGH GRADE, COMPLETE MANURE.** It is **fine and dry**, is **very lasting**, has a high analysis, and will **stand by** the crops till maturity. Our Pure, Fine Bone stands at the head. Heavy crops obtained, and **money saved** by using these goods. New Pamphlet **MAILED FREE.** Lawn Dressing, Bone and Potash, Dissolved Bone, and a full line of Agricultural Chemicals.

L. B. DARLING, Fertilizer Co., Pawtucket R. I.
AGENTS IN BOSTON, PARKER & WOOD, and C. H. THOMPSON & CO.

mar20 13t



apr10 9t

FOR COLDS COUGHS and Consumption use Cutler Bros & Co.'s celebrated *Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam*. "Best cough medicine in the world." In use 60 years. Price $1, 50 cts and 35 cts. $1 bottle the cheapest. Be sure and get the genuine. feb27-13t

HOLSTEIN-FRESIANS.

150 HEAD.

150 HEAD of RECORDED ANIMALS, all ages and both sexes, for sale, or lease, or bond not released from quarantine. These are the first choice of last spring's calves, from forty-five of the best herds of Milch Cows in North Holland. All are from sires and dams recorded in Netherland Herd Book.

Have a fine lot of home-bred BULLS that will be fit for service in the coming season, at reasonable prices.

Lake View Farm,
NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.
W. A. RUSSELL, Proprietor.
J. C. POOR, Manager. jan9tis

BOURBON

IT is a word usually applied to a settled, conservative thing. We speak of Bourbon Democrats, meaning those of the old school. It is applied to the G. O. Taylor Whiskey, as Old Bourbon meaning a safe, reliable and proven article. Pure Rye shows what is meant. Ask your Druggist or Grocer for the G. O. Taylor Bourbon and Rye Whiskey, and you get all you ask and pay for. It is bottled by C. H. GRAVES & SONS, Boston, and is not equalled for purity or medicinal quality. may1 4t

Electric Belt Free

To introduce it and obtain agents we will for the next sixty days give away, free of charge, in each county in the U. S. a limited number of our **German Electro Galvanic Suspensory Belts,** price $5; a positive and unfailing cure for Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Emissions, Impotency &c. $500.00 Reward paid if every Belt we manufacture does not generate genuine electric current. Address at once ELECTRIC BELT AGENCY, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y.

nov21-52t

BUSINESS! BUSINESS!!

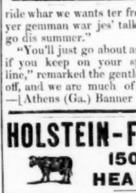
We want **300 Smart Men** to go on the road this coming season, soliciting orders for Nursery Stock, with

Salary to Start on, Besides Expenses.

No experience needed. Apply at once, stating previous occupation, age and name references.

S. T. CANNON & CO,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

mar6-12t



THE MAN WHO MAKES 5 Ton Wagon Scales. Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box, for $30 and JONES he pays the freight—for Free Price List mention this paper, address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N.Y.

feb6 13t eow

DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR Forces luxuriant Mustaches, Whiskers, Eyebrows and hair to grow upon the bald head or face. Has been used by thousands of Men and Women, and never failed to produce a heavy growth. Sent by mail, prepaid, for 50c. and $1. Circulars free. Dyke Mfg. Co., Fairhaven, Ct.

oct2 18t eow

SEED CORN.

THE LONGFELLOW VARIETY.

In quantities to suit customers, shelled or on the ear. The best corn for the New England Farmer. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

Apply to ELDRIDGE CUSHMAN, Lakeville, Mass.

apr17 3t

Jewell Strawberry,

AND all the best kind of Small Fruit Plants and Asparagus Roots. Send for Price List to GEORGE F. WHEELER, Concord, Mass.

apr10-4t

FLOWER SEEDS.

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The Poet's Corner.

LIFE BEYOND

[Atlantic Monthly for May.]

The wish behind the thought is the soul's star
Of faith, and out of earth we build our heaven.
Life to each unschooled child of time has given
A fairy wand, with which he thinks to unbar
The dark gate to a region vast and far,
Where all is gained at length for which he has striven,
All loss requited, all offenses shriven,
All toil o'erpassed, effaced each battle-scar.
But ah, what heaven of rest could countervail
The ever-widening thought, the endless stress
Of action, wherewinto the heart is born?
What sphere so blessed it could over-bless
With sweets the soul, when all such gifts must fail
If from its chosen work that soul were torn?

Not for a rapture unalloyed I ask;
Not for a recompense for all I miss,
A banquet of the gods in heavenly bliss,
A realm in whose warm sunshine I may bask.
Life without discipline or earnest task,
Could ill repay the unfinished work of this;
Nay, e'en to clasp some long-lost Beatrice
In bowers of Paradise, the mortal mask
Dropped from her face, now glorified and bright,
But I would fain take up what here I left
All crude and incomplete; would toil and strive
To regain the power of which I am bereft
By slow decay and death, with fuller light
To aid the larger life that may survive.

Ladies' Department.

MARY'S WEDDING.

BY C. LEECH.

[Godey's Lady's Book.]

There was to be a wedding at our house, an old-fashioned Tennessee wedding, where all the relatives and friends for miles around were invited to share in the festivities.

The rooms were in order, the wood laid ready for the lighting in the huge old fireplaces; the silver shone like new, and the decanters were filled with father's choicest wines; the pantry shelves were loaded with creams, jellies, cakes and pastry, and the smoke-house was redolent with the odor of suckling pigs, brown as coffee berries, of turkeys, geese and wild game, slowly roasting in the extra ovens there prepared for them.

Eight o'clock in the evening was the hour set for the ceremony. Sister Mary, the pretty bride-elect, fluttered from room to room, trying in vain to look composed. Now she clasped mother's neck and stole a kiss; now she was with the dressmaker, whose deft fingers were still busy with the tucks and ruffles of the wedding dress, and again she was in the kitchen watching the process of the "bride's-cake" in the hands of black Hannah, who had been sent for all the way from S——, to bake it.

The kitchen windows were wide open, for it was a bright October day. The trumpet-creeper outside dropped its scarlet leaves through the casement, and the sun, shining through its netted vines, make flecks of gold upon the freshly sanded floor.

Aunt Hannah rushed about so fast that she seemed to be everywhere at once, and woe to the white children or the little darkeys scrambling on the floor under the tread of her heavy foot!

"Wish to goodness dese yere young 'uns 'ud be tuk' 'way," she grumbled. "'Pears like dars fifty!"

Minerva, our own cook, now volunteer laundress, ironing on the back porch, rushed in and sent her numerous progeny into the corners with cuffs that she averred would make their "heads sing."

Obeying a sign from my sister I went with my young brothers into the yard. Here Minerva fetched us a basket of hickory-nuts, which she said we must crack, as they would be wanted on the tables that evening. We were soon busy at our cheerful task.

"Miss Ada's a good chile," I heard Aunt Hannah say; "but soon she'll be gettin' married, an' I cain't see how Mis' Liza'll git 'long as with all dem little boys."

"Mis' Liza" was my mother's name among the servants, and Miss Ada was myself, now sixteen years of age. I was fond of the idle thing called "building castles in the air," and these words suggested a theme to my fertile imagination. Being, as yet, fancy free, the image I conjured up was a glorious one! A black-eyed, raven-haired, poetical hero who carried the fortress of my heart, as it were, by storm. The ceremony was an imposing one, the repast a miracle of delicacies, and myself a human wonder in silk and jewels!

Already the carriage was at the door that was to bear me away on the first stage of the wedding journey; for my lover was rich, not poor like Mary's, and our honeymoon was spent in Europe. In sober traveling dress I was now taking a sad farewell of my weeping friends, when I was recalled to real life by a loud cry from brother Harry, who had struck his hand with the hammer while driving a stubborn nail. He bound up the little hand and soothed his cries. Then sister Mary called on us to come quick, "somebody had come." We all made a rush toward the house, for we thought it was Monroe Ashton, Mary's affianced, who had been absent in Kentucky several weeks on business, and was expected at an early hour on this day.

We were disappointed when we found it was only old Aunt Stacy, as she was generally called throughout the neighborhood. She was a divorced widow, and made her living, in part, by caring for the sick, and for the rest, depending upon the charity of others. And every one in her kindly assisted her, as people often will those who have a claim upon them save the common bond of humanity. My father and mother were always very generous to her, and she had a great affection for us all, and most especially for Mary, who was such a cheery, lovable girl. Monroe was also very dear to her, as he had once rescued her from drowning in a ford she was trying to cross. I did not like Aunt Stacy. She was such an ugly old woman. Her eyes were so bright and black, and her heavy chin, that almost met her long, hooked nose, had such a witch-like way of wobbling, even while she was otherwise in purpose. She wore a red silk handkerchief over her bald head, and had on a shabby, dark flannel dress. In her hand she carried what is called in country dialect a "carpet-bag," a satchel made of bright colored brussels carpet, which always contained an apple or a tart for my little brothers, for she was very fond of them. She was followed in all her wanderings by a forlorn little cat, which was even now at her side.

She was saying to my sister as we came in: "I was cl'ar up to Mis' Jones's when I heard you were to be married, an' I just dropped everything an' came, fearful lest I should be too late."

Mary laughed, blushed, and quietly petted her little cat.

Aunt Stacy always kissed us, so we marched dutifully up to receive the salute. She had a way of darting at us, as if she contemplated taking a bite of rosy flesh, that was very trying to us, but only nose and chin touched our faces, and we escaped, breathless, from the ordeal.

"How is Spence?" asked my mother.

Spence was Aunt Stacy's former husband. He spent one half of his profitless life in drunkenness and the other in suing for a reconciliation with his wife.

These overtures always met with a repulse, and a wider breach than ever was made between them. Yet she always took delight in detailing what he had last said and done, and now rushed into a voluble description.

"What has brung that ole witch here?" cried Minerva in dismay.

"She looks 'zackly like an ill-omen," muttered Aunt Hannah; for all colored people looked upon her with great suspicion, some even declaring that she was "possessed," which term conveyed a terrible meaning to their simple minds.

"Do hush," said mother, coming into the kitchen; "there's no harm in her"

Nevertheless, we all felt a little uneasy lest her husband should follow her here, and so make a disturbance where there should only be joy and peace.

It was now five o'clock and most of the guests had assembled. The talk and laughter was incessant. Mary was already dressed in her bridal robes, and looked "as lovely as an angel," the merry bridesmaids said. She was indeed very pretty.

Mother was sitting apart, furtively wiping away the tears she could not repress, when father came and whispered something to her. She rose at once and they went out together. I looked for Aunt Stacy, but she, too, was gone. Just now the Ashtons arrived, and I hurried to greet them. "Why, where is Monroe?" every one was asking.

Mrs. Ashton, who was a sort of human icicle at best, now looked completely frozen, so great was her surprise. Mr. Ashton, who was very small and always quite eclipsed by his handsome wife, took advantage of her embarrassment to ask, "Is he not already here?"

The eldest Miss Ashton clasped her hands dramatically, and Miss Cora shed tears abundantly, saying she felt that something dreadful had happened.

Sister Mary, quite as white as her veil, flung herself on the bosom of her mother-in-law, and that lady thawed visibly as she clasped the little figure and explained that her son had left home early in the evening, intending to transact some important business with Lawyer Stiff, across the river, and so reach our house by five o'clock, at least.

Father and mother now came in, laughingly recounting their efforts to convince old Spence that his wife was not here and to get him to go away again. They were soon informed of Monroe's absence. Mother looked grave, but father said it was early yet, and he was probably detained at the lawyer's. It was not yet six, and the company, assured by father's words, were soon in good spirits again.

Miss Cora brightened up like an April day, and surreptitiously partook of sweet-meats applied by Bennie Downs, a suitor frowned upon by her family.

Time passed. It was now seven- eight—nine o'clock, and still no bridegroom. Many of the ladies were in tears, and all were anxious. Father dispatched one messenger to the lawyer's, and one back to Monroe's house. The rest of the company divided up into small parties and went out along the various routes by which he could come. "It is an accident," we said, for he was devoted to my sister.

Father's party was the first to return from along the river road, and with them they brought both Monroe and Aunt Stacy. As soon as he could, this was the explanation Monroe gave us:

His business with the lawyer detained him longer than he expected, it would, and it was a little after six o'clock when he set out for our house. In order to regain the lost time, he came by a short route across the hills, and attempted to cross the unused ford from which he had once rescued Aunt Stacy. His horse, frightened at the cry of some night-bird, made a plunge, stumbled, fell and threw his rider out into the swift current of the stream. His head must have struck something as he went down, for he was able only to cry out once and make a few feeble efforts when he lost consciousness. When he again recovered his senses he was upon a huge rock in the middle of the stream, with Aunt Stacy using all her simple arts to restore him. She had gone to this lonely spot to avoid meeting her husband when she knew he was within our gates. She heard and recognized Monroe's cry for help, and resolved at once to assist him. She seized a stout staff from the river bank and, plunged boldly into the stream. She was old and weak, and the river was a swift mountain stream, so that it was some time ere she reached him. The friendly rock had stayed the body a few moments, and she was able to reach, clutch and drag it and herself upon top of the stone. But she was too much exhausted to attempt to regain the shore. So she stayed by him all that long, cold evening, trying patiently to restore him, and now and then feebly shouting for help. When he was conscious again, they joined their voices and were successful in making my father and his friends hear their cries. It was not long until both were brought ashore, and conveyed without delay to our house. Monroe was quite shaken by this adventure, but on being warmly clothed and nourished by food and stimulants, recovered enough to reassure my trembling little sister.

The wedding, however, was postponed for a time. In a few weeks they were quietly married, and Aunt Stacy, who lived many years, was very kindly cared for in the home of Monroe and Mary.

CATCHING A WHALE.

[Youth's Companion.]

In the spring of 1833 I sailed as boat-steerer in the whaleship *Montezuma* on a four years' cruise. Our voyage in the neighborhood of the Azores and along the Brazil Banks was not a success, and our captain decided to go around the Cape of Good Hope to the eastern coast of Africa, to engage in bay whaling.

The cow whales resort to the warmer waters of the bays, where the young are born, and where the baby whale can pass the first few months of its life, safe from the tempests and dangers of the open ocean. But the perils of bay whaling are much greater than any other kind. A cow while, with a calf by her side, is more fierce than she is at other times. Maternal instinct renders her quick to perceive danger, and madly furious in defence of her young.

We arrived upon our cruising ground in September. One morning I heard the captain say we were a little more than two hundred miles south of the Bay of Sofala, where was a small Portuguese settlement. Towards eleven o'clock in the forenoon the lookout on the fore-topgallant crosstrees shouted,—

"The-r-r-e she blo-o-ows! The-r-r-e she b-r-e-a-ks!"

"Where away?" hailed the captain.

"Four points off the weatherbow, sir."

"Aye! aye! Keep your eyes open!" was the reply.

"There she blows!" emulously cried the boatsteerer from the main.

"Where now?" cried the captain.

"Four points off the *lee* bow."

"That's right! Keep it up! Don't lose sight of 'em! Whales all around us—that's good!"

It had been blowing heavily in the night, and the ship was making but little headway, being still closehauled, under reefed topsails and foretopmast staysail. The sea was rough, and the weather had not yet cleared.

Taking his glass, the captain mounted to the main topgallant crosstrees, and carefully examined the waters. Calling down to the mate, he told him there were whales on both bows a long way off, and ordered that the cook should have the men's dinner ready as soon as possible, without waiting for eight bells.

Dinner was soon dispatched, and then we were ordered to lower the boats and go in chase. The two boats were to go to the windward, and two to leeward, while the ship would work up in the wind's eye as fast as she could. I was boatsteerer of the waist, or second mate's boat, which, with the captain's, put off to the windward, while the other two went in the opposite direction. As we were leaving the ship, the captain said to the carpenter,—

"Keep her full and by; make short tacks, and watch our signals sharply."

We had a hard pull, the sea being still rough from the preceding night's blow, and we soon found there was a fearful current setting to the windward.

We pulled a full hour; the mate, who was steering with his long sweep-oar in the stern, occasionally changing the direction of the boat, as he saw the spout of a whale. The captain's boat was close to us, but a little astern.

Suddenly the second mate cried, "Stand up now, and give her the iron!"

I shipped my oar, seized my harpoon, and sprang to my feet. A peculiar, salt, whale effluvia filled the air, and right by my side, not ten feet off, was as large a whale as I had ever seen, her head so covered with barnacles that it looked white, and just at the bow of the boat was a baby whale, not larger than a porpoise.

With all my strength I threw the harpoon at the mother, and knew it had struck and that we were firmly fast.

"Starn all! For your lives, starn all!" screamed the mate.

Yielding to the obedient oars, the boat cleared the whale's side just in time to avoid a terrible blow from her flukes, which were twenty feet in width!

Everything before and around me was a whirlpool of spray and foam. In a second both mother and calf had sunk out of sight, and the line was running with lightning speed through the cleats at the bow of the boat, which was pulled down nearly to the water's edge, while the stern stood high in air.

"Change places!" yelled the mate.

It was my duty to make fast to the whale with the harpoon, while he steered; his to kill the whale with the lance, while I held the steering-oar. With difficulty we succeeded in changing places.

As I stood up in the stern, the first thing I saw was the captain's boat, fast to another whale, which was drawing it with the rapidity of a railway train broad away from us, and the next that our tub was already half emptied of its line, which was still running out with great rapidity. Our boat was standing still, and, so to speak, on its nose, for our whale was going straight down, like so much lead.

Now I caught sight of our mate pouring water on our line, whose terrible friction almost set the sternpost in a blaze, and then I glanced at the captain's boat, which was hardly visible, and still rapidly receding. Then looking again into the tub, only the bottom coil of the line was left!

"Fasten on the triangle!" cried the mate. I seized the end of the coil, always left out of the tub, and quickly bent on the triangle.

This is a piece of triangular plank about two feet in width, with a rope from each corner uniting in a socket at the centre, and presenting immense retarding power as a drag when drawn through the water.

I tossed the triangle overboard, and shouted, "Down with you all!" to the oarsmen.

The men, who knew their lives depended on prompt obedience, threw themselves in the boat's bottom till the bight of the line, connected with the triangle, passed over their heads. Then the bow rose, the stern fell, and the boat resumed its proper position on the water. We were clear of the whale, but five hundred fathoms of good line and the terrible triangular drag were attached to her, to exhaust her energies and courage.

All we could do now was to watch the triangle, which, being painted red, we should easily perceive. Five minutes—ten—fifteen passed.

Had she eluded us, or was the gigantic leviathan so strong that all our schemes were utterly in vain?

Suddenly the mate coolly said, in his natural voice, "Here's our triangle," and he reached out his hand and picked it up.

"Better haul in on it. Haul in, men, and coil it in the tub."

The willing hands of the sailors pulled in the rope, and I stooped down and coiled it in its place. I had been coiling some minutes, when the mate said,—

"Two after oars, stern the boat about a hundred feet."

In a few minutes the huge monster rose straight up from the sea,—up,—up,—more than half her length, till she looked like a big round black church tower, pointing upwards in the air. The pole of the harpoon stood out twenty feet above the water, and little stains of blood flowed from the wound. Our mate, who was as brave a man as ever handled a lance, cried,—

"Now put me up to her!"

A few strokes of the oars did it, and he thrust the cruel lance up to its socket into her vitals. Then the inert form resumed its life; it sunk into the water, and with fearful strokes of its flukes, it dashed off at the rate of twenty miles an hour, dead to the windward.

I took the turn of the line round the sternpost ere its slack tightened, and the boat flew after the monster like a tender after its engine. The water stood on each side higher than the gunwale of the boat, as we dashed through it, and the foam in our wake was as white as snow itself.

The whale blew, and its spray was tinged with red. Then we knew her vital parts were lanced, and that she was to become our prey. It may seem almost physically impossible, but the little calf whale, maddened with fright, kept side by side with its mother!

Now the whale was evidently weakening, and her speed diminished. It was then about two hours to sunset. The monster came nearly to a stop.

"Haul on the line," said the mate, "and I will finish her." They were the last he ever spoke!

A moment's pulling brought us alongside. The mate thrust his lance into the whale's body, when, like a flash of lightning, her flukes flew over the bow of the boat, without touching the head of the bow oarsman, who was sitting at his oar, and striking the mate squarely on his side, knocked him thirty or forty feet into the sea.

We never saw the mate's body again. Feebler and feebler were the whale's struggles, till at length her white belly turned up, and she lay dead upon the blood-crimsoned sea.

I pulled up, cut two holes with the lance in her blubber, into one of which I stuck the pole of the red flannel waif, showing that we had captured our prize, and in the other we planted a small American flag at half mast, a signal of death!

But as I looked toward the ship, I was appalled to see one of those dense fogs had sprung up which are so frequent in the tropics. Our signals could not be seen a hundred feet!

I recognized our danger at once. The little bread bag that contained out small stock of hard bread was in the stern locker; the wooden beaker holding our slender supply of water was in the bottom of the boat. I went aft, put both in the locker, and seated myself against it.

"Boys, we have got to pass the night here, for the ship won't find us in this fog till to-morrow. We must stay by the whale, for she lays so high out of water the lookouts will see her before they see us."

I appointed anchor watches,—two to sleep and two to keep a sharp lookout, turn by turn, while I resolved I would keep awake myself the whole night. In tropical countries there is no twilight, so that it was soon dark—the sooner for the dense fog.

There was one cause for alarm I did not speak of. The currents are so rapid, and laws which govern them so unknown in the Mozambique Channel, that I dreaded lest the ship and we might be swept widely apart.

The night passed slowly. At first, occasionally, and later more frequently, there were splashes and motion in the water around the whale's body. I knew it was the noise of sharks, who swarm by millions in the Indian ocean, and are attracted by the acuteness of their sense of smell, or sight, to their prey. They were eating the dead whale!

Once, about midnight, the stars came out for a short time; but soon the fog shut in again. At last, we perceived a faint flush in the east, and then day broke slowly on us. We could now see the sharks. They were in number like the hosts of Xerxes.

We pulled round the whale. On the off side from where the boat lay during the night,—for we were held by the line attached to the harpoon in the whale's body,—they were much the most numerous, and had eaten the blubber all away along the waterline.

We carefully pulled up among the sharks, and with a lance cut off some of the red meat of the whale. It looked like beef, and though we ate it raw, it was nourishing, and satisfied our appetites.

Oh, how I wanted to lance those sharks! but I dare not, lest in their anger, or at least in their death-struggles, they might dash to pieces my frail boat.

Some were of a dull gray color, some were green, some golden-hued, and some were nearly black on their backs, but all were of a dirty white underneath. They have to turn so far over to grasp their food as to show this white part, and as they were eating the whale bow to stern together, side by side, it seemed, in the motion of the wave, as if each had a white ruffled fringe along her whole length.

At noon I gave the men half of a ship's biscuit each, and about four ounces of water. Late in the afternoon we again pulled up alongside the carcass of the whale. The ravages of the sharks were wonderful. They had denuded it of half its blubber. They seemed to prefer that to the lean portion, and being deprived of so much of its lighter matter, the body floated lower in the water.

With our sheath-knives we cut off some huge portions of the beef, and then returned to our old station. Having been awake all the previous night, I resolved to sleep, but gave the watch strict orders to awaken me at any change in the weather.

About one o'clock they aroused me, saying a breeze had sprung up, and that the stars were bright. On looking toward the whale, I saw it was floating nearly at the level of the sea, and feeling sure it would soon sink, I ordered one of the men to be prepared to cut the line promptly, if it did.

In about another hour, finding the whale was going down, the rope was cut, and what was left of our prize sank, followed by its crowd of ocean wolves, of whom we saw nothing more.

The sun rose brightly, and there was the innocent calf-whale, blowing its tiny streams in the morning air, but no signs of any ship or boats.

After an early breakfast of whale-meat, I conferred with my companions as to the best course for us to pursue.

They were all in favor of making for the land, to replenish our stores, if possible, especially of water, and if the ship should not put in for us, as she probably would, then to come out again in search of her.

I felt that this course was probably the best, yet I told them the native tribes were savage cannibals, that the Portuguese settlements were few and scattered, and that they were not government colonies, but stockades of private companies, for the purpose of purchasing slaves, to be shipped to Brazil or the West Indies.

Their opinions being unchanged, we set our sail, and headed to the northwest, trusting to find the settlement at Sofala. I estimated we were one hundred and fifty miles from the African shore, and perhaps two hundred and fifty from the place. Our whale-boat sailed beautifully, and I really think was faster than the *Montezuma*.

Nothing occurred worth narrating that day or night. The next morning no land was in sight, but a land bird had lighted on our sail, which we caught and ate.

At ten o'clock we were confident we saw land, and in an hour it became certain. At two, we could distinguish a low, marshy shore with high land in the interior, and at four P. M we were close to the shore.

Before us was a slight indentation of the coast, and an open glade free of woods running up from the sea, on both sides of which were forests. We could see no signs of human life, still the natives might have observed our approach, and might be watching our every motion. It therefore behooved us to act cautiously.

From the mango roots, on the magin of the shore, we plucked off a bushel at least of oysters, and threw them into the boat. The men insisted on landing and seeking for water and food. I proposed that one or two only should go on shore, and the rest should wait in the boat. This was agreed to, and two of them clambered over the rocks and looked round near the beach, while we kept them in view.

After a short search, they returned to the shore, and said they could find neither water nor fruits; but that a little ways inland were some large trees they thought were cocoanut palms. They seemed to desire some cocoanuts more than anything else, that they might relieve their distressing thirst with the milk with which the nuts are filled.

I objected to their straying so far away, in a strange region, and unarmed as they were.

I pointed out to them that they would fall an easy prey to the natives, if discovered, and that we had better coast along the shore for some island, which would be less likely to be inhabited than the main land.

My arguments were in vain. They threw off the slight show of obedience they had hitherto exhibited, and were determined to make the proposed explorations. One of them, a steady old seaman named Leonard, declared he would remain in the boat with me, but the other three went off. We seated ourselves, and paddling off about a hundred yards, awaited the result.

Our three companions followed up the glade for perhaps a half-mile, when, like magic, scores of negroes, nearly naked, and armed with bows and spears, rushed out of the forests on both sides, and cut off their retreat. We knew their fate was certain; we could only cry out to warn them of their danger.

We saw other savages emerging from their concealment in front of the three sailors, who fled back towards the beach. One soon fell, pierced with an arrow, and in a moment more the other two were transfixed with spears. While I was gazing on this horrid sight, Leonard shouted to me, "Look there!"

He pointed to a long pirogue, which had been hidden, and was headed for us. It was propelled by ten paddles on each side, and was filled with savages.

Our sail had been flapping. I pulled the sheet aft, headed our boat for the ocean with the steering-oar, and it began to gather way. But the wind was light, and we saw the pirogue was moving two feet to our one.

Very soon those in it commenced shooting arrows at us. I knew these were often poisoned, and that a scratch from one of them was death. We had no defensive weapons but the spare harpoon and two lances. With these we could have defended our boat against all our foes, but for their speas and arrows. With those they could choose their distance, and destroy us without our having a chance for retaliation.

I told Leonard to lie down in the boat, and did so myself, passing a bight of a rope over the handle of the steering-oar, so that no part of either of us was exposed. Every instant, as we got farther out, the wind increased, but we could hear from the voices of our pursuers that they were very near.

Now spears were rained upon us instead of arrows. Three of them struck our boat, and their iron heads passed through its sides, but the holes were above the waterline.

In desperation, I told my companion to pass me down the harpoon, and to take a lance himself, and fight to the last. It would be far better, I said, to be killed outright than to die by their fiendish tortures.

The harpoon was a large one, with a heavy iron-wood shaft, and would weigh at least twenty-five pounds.

An idea occurred to me. If I could throw the harpoon into the air so it would fall point downwards into the canoe, it would make a hole in its bottom that might cause confusion and delay, and possibly sink it.

But first I must take one dangerous look. I quickly raised my head above my gunwale. The pirogue was not more than fifty yards off, and the paddlers were frantically at work. Several spears were thrown at me. In desperation I jumped to my feet, and poising the harpoon, hurled it with the energy of despair. The next moment, the yells of our enemies showed it had done execution.

Another glimpse revealed to me that the harpoon had come down into the pirogue with such force that it had torn through its bottom. The utmost confusion followed, and as the wind was now quite fresh, we sailed rapidly away. There was no attempt on the part of the pirogue to follow.

Suffice it to say, on the third day after the loss of our companions, we safely reached the Portuguese settlement, Sofala. We remained there three weeks, when a barque came in belonging to the company, and, loading with a cargo of slaves, sailed, with us on board, for Brazil.

We were unsuccessfully chased by a British cruiser, for the barque was a witch to sail, and at length reached an outport near Rio Janeiro. From Rio, Leonard and I worked our way before the mast in a brig bound for Boston.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE DAISIES.

BY GARRETT.

We wandered, darling, in the moonlight,
Years, long years ago,
Far through the mystic woodland shadows
Where the daisies grow—
And the daisies nodded.

And there, to be my bride you promised,
Years, long years ago.
Love, has your heart been true and faithful?
Answer, "ay" or "no."
And the daisies nodded.

Falls low and sweet the thrilling answer,
As in years ago,
"I am yours now, love, as I promised
Where the daisies grow."
And the daisies nodded.

AN EASTER OFFERING.

[Pacific Rural Press.]

"I don't see why you should be so very foolish," Mrs. Kendall said, looking almost vexed. "You know you cannot afford this, and, besides, look at the time and labor. You will never get it done."

"My dear mother,"—Mary Kendall put down her sewing and looked at her mother earnestly,—"I am determined upon this thing, so all attempts to dissuade me will be useless. "Where there is a will there is a way, is just as true to-day as ever. I think I have found the way. I will do without my new spring dress and dress, and I shall work on the holidays that we will have next week or the week after."

"And go to church Easter in your shabby old winter dress and hat?" interrupted Mrs. Kendall. "Shameful!"

"Why not? Can't I forego a few worldly things for the sake of our Lord and Saviour? He did not think His life was too much to give to us!"

"Very well." Mrs. Kendall did not say any more. Perhaps her conscience pricked her a little for being so worldly wise. She wondered from what source Mary was drawing the spiritual wisdom which had so lately characterized her. She had suddenly become very devout, and now this altar-cloth for Easter was her latest sacrifice.

"It shall be as handsome as I can make it," she said. "I shall have three panels, the centre one painted, the others embroidered with Easter lilies and callas. I think I will have to go to Mrs. Hartman's to take a few lessons on the painting. Her suggestions at least will be valuable. As to-morrow is Saturday I will go down the first thing in the morning and buy the materials."

Mary Kendall was a teacher in the seminary at S——, and she and her brother, who was clerk in one of the wholesale stores, supported her mother and younger sister.

The next morning, while shopping, Kitty Wells, the minister's sister, met Miss Kendall, They had a little chat, but the latter young lady did not reveal the motive of her mission down town.

"Such an extravagant piece as that girl is!" exclaimed Kitty at the lunch table.

"What-girl?" Her brother, a thoughtful, dignified man, looked up absently. He was thinking more of his Easter sermon than of her chatter.

"Why, Mary Kendall, to be sure! I suppose you are dreaming, as usual. You never do hear anything I say."

"Well, perhaps it is just as well, when you are talking about your neighbors," was the quiet response.

But Kitty did not heed the rebuke. It often happens that the words of a minister do not receive so much attention at home as abroad. She rattled on in her impetuous fashion, which discussed freely the members of her brother's congregation, particularly those ladies who seemed to have any "designs" upon his bachelor freedom.

"I can't bear to see people putting on so many airs, especially when they are as poor as church-mice. Everybody know the Kendalls haven't a dollar in the world except what Mary and John earn."

"It seems to me very noble that they should earn it," rejoined her brother.

"Well, of course, I suppose it is, but extravagance is not becoming to people in their circumstances. One would think Mary Kendall was the daughter of a millionaire. Ordering Easter dresses at nine dollars a yard, indeed!"

"Did she do that?" Sherman Wells looked grave.

"Why, of course. I heard the clerk making out the bill myself—the goods at nine dollars a yard, the fringe at four. Think of it! Fringe at four dollars a yard, and mine only cost one. It's a mystery how some people can find so much money for dress. I suppose her bonnet will be 'imported.' Nothing less than 'Parisian' would satisfy her, I presume!" Kitty ended the remark with a toss of her head that spoke volumes.

Her brother rose from the table without answering and went to his study. He did not know much about imported bonnets, but he felt somehow that Mary Kendall had fallen a little from the high place she held in his heart. Though she had always seemed to him well dressed, he had never thought of her as recklessly extravagant. But if Kitty's words were true she had really been guilty of a piece of folly which was actually an injustice to the ones dependent upon her.

The knowledge hurt him—a little more, perhaps, than he was really conscious of, for he sat for a long time in his study with his elbows resting upon his desk, and his eyes fixed upon the paper before him, lost in a reverie, in which Mary Kendall's bright face seemed hopelessly mixed up with gorgeous Easter gowns and spring bonnets. He recovered himself after a while with a sigh and went on with his work.

The next day, which was the Sabbath, he found his eye resting often during the sermon upon the blonde head of Mary Kendall. Her sweet face was serious even to devoutness, and her manner breathed forth a religious calm which he could not believe was assumed. For a long time her eye had given him inspiration, her face strengthened his prayer during the service, for no one had seemed to catch his thought so quickly or reflect his fervor so fully as she.

In both the morning and afternoon Sunday-school she was a cheerful worker, and never had she seemed more earnest or self-sacrificing in her labor than on the day succeeding the one in which Kitty had certified that she had squandered her money on Easter dresses, at nine dollars a yard.

"She only put a dime in the contribution box," Kitty said, as she walked home with her brother. "I saw her. I don't think she has much of a conscience—and wearing that elegant sealskin, too. There's not a woman in the church that has as elegant a one—not even the wealthiest."

"Hush." Mr. Wells would not allow her to say another word. He could not defend Miss Kendall, for he did not know that the much-envied sealskin had been a present from an uncle in New York, but neither his Christian or his chivalrous instincts would allow one of his congregation to be so disparaged in their absence, even by his sister.

As he stepped on a car the next afternoon to go home, he found Miss Kendall already in it. She had quite a number of packages, and as she moved them to make room for him at her side, one of the bundles unrolled, displaying a sample of handsome fringe and some skeins of bright colored silk and tinsel.

"Been shopping, I suppose?" he said, his eyes resting on the fringe which was a confirmation of his sister's words. Probably on any other occasion he would not have noticed it, but his mind had unconsciously dwelt on the subject, and now its acuteness for impressions was quickened.

"Well, no," her face flushed warmly and she turned her eyes away, "I have been at Mrs. Hartman's taking a painting lesson."

For a moment she sank in his estimation and he felt pained. Her answer seemed so clearly a subterfuge, and the blush betrayed her. In spite of his efforts not to, he found his mind reverting continually to the facts his sister had thrust before him. He remembered too that Mrs. Kendall had said to him not long before that she wondered how they would get along through the summer, times were so hard and Mary would not be earning anything.

He had always thought this girl most unselfish, but now all odds seemed against her. She appeared uncomfortable all the way out, and her voice did not sound at all cordial as she sent her remembrances to Kitty. He did not know that she was fearful lest his questions would unearth her secret, and she rather wished to avoid him and his sister until her work was finished.

Struggle as he would the feeling was gaining upon him that Kitty was right in her estimate of this girl's character; that she was selfish and more fond of admiration and dress than of her Master's church.

After prayer meeting Wednesday evening he again approached her. An Easter festival had been proposed for the children; as one of the teacher's her name had been placed on the committee.

"I suppose that you will contribute," he said, "and that we may rely upon your services."

She looked at him trembling. The warm blood surged to her cheeks.

"I can give nothing," she replied, "and my time is more than occupied. It will be impossible for me to do anything—I will give my reasons later." She finished her sentence abruptly and turned away.

"There, I told you so!" exclaimed Kitty, under her breath. "She can't afford to give to the church when she wants a new spring suit, and her time is much too valuable to be spent on anything less important than painting lessons."

Unkind Kitty! She did not see the tears in Mary's eyes, nor did she know that the poor girl had worked often until midnight during the past week to complete her Easter offering. The words she had spoken to the minister had nearly choked her.

Mr. Wells was too hurt to say a word. He turned away from his sister and buried himself with his clerical duties, but all the rest of the week his face wore signs of an inward wound. In his heart the struggle of renunciation was going on—the renouncing of this girl who had proved herself so unworthy of the homage he had given her.

She was the only woman who had ever touched him.

But probably it was only the sudden shattering of his ideal that roused him to self-consciousness, to the realization that his dreams of the future had been centering around her.

Her sensitive mind became aware of a slight coldness in his manner whenever he addressed her, and she looked after him, often with longing, questioning eyes. She had tried to be so true and so noble, and so unselfish always, ever since the day, three years before, when he had entered their pulpit for the first time, and she had seemed to see in his intellectual face and clear, dark eyes the realization of all her dreams of ideal manhood.

She had not forgotten how kind his voice had invariably been when he spoke to her, nor how near he had always seemed to her in her life and work. The sudden estrangement wounded her. Yet she worked faithfully on the altar cloth, which grew more and more beautiful each day under her skillful hands.

When Easter morning came, Mr. Wells went early to the church to see that the decorations were in perfect order, and to spend a few hours alone in the sanctuary to better prepare himself for the duties of the day.

He caught Mary just in the act of placing the lovely silken covering upon the altar.

"Will you accept it for the church?" She stepped back, looking at him demurely.

He was struck dumb. He could only extend his hand, taking hers silently.

"It is beautiful," he said, when he had recovered his speech, and then he examined it with a carefulness and admiration that delighted her. She explained to him then her reasons for not being able to give her services to the Easter festival.

"You have done enough — too much," he said, quietly. His heart smote him for the injustice done her, and, for a while he suffered keenly. Even throughout his sermon there ran an undercurrent of remorse that perhaps made his voice even more gentle than usual and his exhortations more tender. But Mary's happy face, as bright as a sunbeam, reassured him; and, besides, our own injustice is easier to be borne always when the accused does not know of it and we have in our hands the power of atonement.

The ladies in the church were in raptures over the splendid altar cloth, and while they did not know the extent of her self-sacrifice, they fully appreciated the generosity and labor of the giver.

Mr. Wells was amazed to see Mary Kendall walk into her pew in her winter gown and the bonnet she had worn all the season.

"She looked shamefully shabby," she exclaimed later to her brother when they had reached home, with that consistency for which fault-finders are usually remarkable. "I never saw such a looking thing on anybody's head in my life."

She was about to flounce herself out of the parlor with a flourish which plainly intimated her high and mighty disdain for all "designing" girls who embroidered handsome altar cloths for the sole purpose of entrapping unwary ministers, when her brother called her back peremptorily.

"Kitty!" He held her by the hand, detaining her firmly, and speaking for the first time in his life almost sternly to her.

"Never let me hear one unkind word from your lips again about Mary Kendall. Her life has been purely unselfish always, and she deserves your admiration, not your censure. She is as noble as she is beautiful, and"—he hesitated a little, feeling the awkwardness of the situation—"she may be your sister-in-law some day, if I can win her."

Kitty opened her blue eyes very wide, but said nothing. If her sedate brother had not looked so very ludicrous in his new role of lover, she would probably have gone off in a fit of hysterics. As it was, she dismissed the subject with a laugh and escaped as soon as possible, leaving him to ponder over the incomprehensibility of women in general and the waywardness of his sister in particular.

At the dinner hour she looked meekly apologetic.

And I believe that when he did win Mary Kendall she learned to love her very much.

IN DEFENCE OF MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

[Cassell's Family Magazine, for May.]

The sympathy of the world with those who happen to have the infliction of a mother-in-law does not diminish as the world grows older. Only recently this sympathy was manifested by the acquittal of a prisoner in a Paris poisoning case, owing to the counsel for the defence representing him as a victim of his mother-in-law's malignity. From time immemorial the mother-in-law, a term which is somehow always construed to denote the wife's mother, has been a subject of caricature and vituperation all the world over.

A son-in-law once satirically remarked that one of the reasons why Adam and Eve were so supremely happy in their terrestrial paradise was that no mother-in-law existed in their day; and ethnologist sand antiquarians both sustain the argument that directly the mother-in-law came into existence a train of miseries originated, which, however severe, have happily not yet driven the sterner sex to a universal vow of celibacy.

To support the idea that mothers-in-law have never been favorably regarded, ethnologists tell us that a singular custom, which prevailed during the service, for no one had seemed to catch his thought so quickly or reflect his fervor so fully as she.

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